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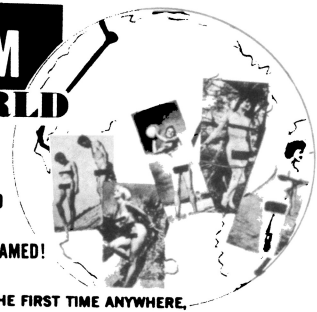
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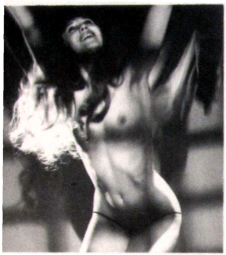
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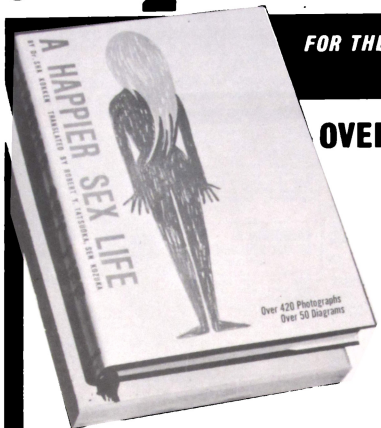
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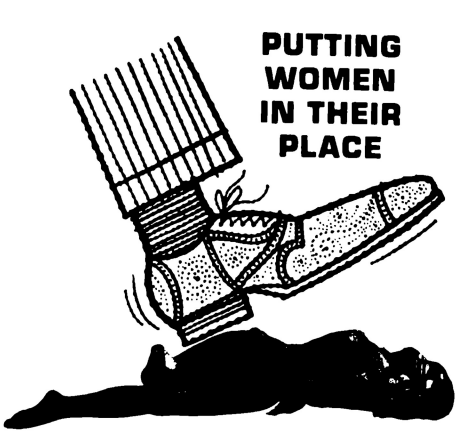
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Wrong no man and write no woman. — *Elbert Hubbard*.

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Eve ate the apple that she might dress. — *Jerrold*.

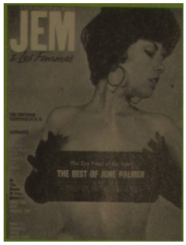
Marriage is a ghastly confession of a strictly private intention. — *Ian Hay*.

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*The "Roaring Twenties" has been packing them in since it started its "Nude on a Swing" act several months ago. Lisa Craig (opposite page) is the current swinging sensation.*

# NUDE ON A SWING

***Everything is looking up these nights as the bare-all girl really swings it***

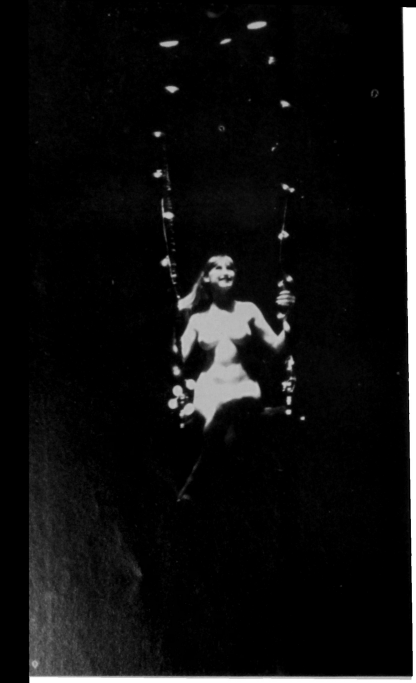
by C. Rupert

Since the *Roaring Twenties* club in San Francisco started the "Nude on the Swing" act about six months ago, business has been going up steadily. This act is the creation of Bryant Cohn, manager and PR man of the club. Cohn is new in the business but he has inexhaustible energy and a very creative mind. His swing act is just the first of the new ideas he has in store for night club patrons.

Bryant went to court to defend his "Nude on the Swing" ("public decency" and all that). Virginia Kaye, his first "swinger," disappeared during the court trial and has not contacted Bryant since. Attorney Mel Belli, who won the very first topless case in San Francisco, was also Bryant's attorney. Judge Kennedy, who hear the trial, found nothing wrong with the swing act and allowed it to continue. The upshot was a court success for Belli and a business success for Bryant.

Lisa Craig, 22, is presently on the swing. She is a blond,







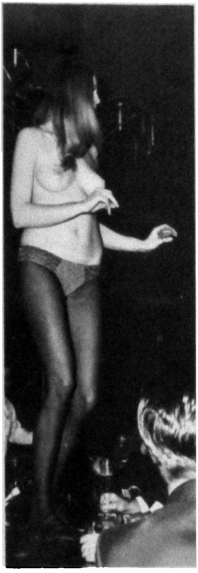


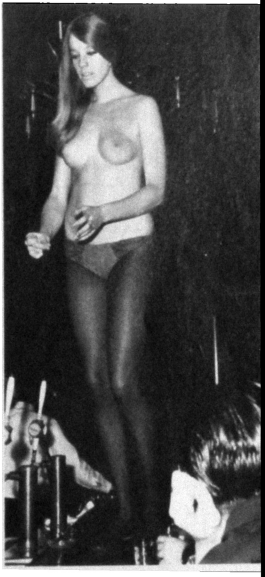
*The "Roaring Twenties" not only highlights the "Nude on the Swing," but also features nine topless girls who dance continuously, in shifts of three, on the tables and bars in the club.*

5'8" tall, and measures 37-24-36. Any man would like to watch Lisa swing. She is a newcomer to show business, born and raised in Los Angeles, who came to San Francisco six months ago on vacation. She met Bryant accidentally in North Beach at the time he was desperately in need of a girl to replace Virginia. Hesitant at first but attracted by the financial rewards, Lisa accepted the offer. "I am glad I took this job. I was never in the spotlight before. It feels great," she says.

But there's more to the *Roaring Twenties* than Lisa and her swing. Nine other topless girls dance on the tables and bars scattered around the club. And to the delight of an appreciative male audience, the







show runs continuously.

The nine topless dancers perform three at a time for twenty minutes. Lisa does her five-minute act only five times a night. Being the headliner, she receives $200 per week. The rest of the girls receive $150. Each works six nights a week.

In addition to financial success, Bryant has received public recognition and appreciation for his club and its unique entertainment. He is a recipient of the gubernatorial award for the best over-all night club. This award was presented to him last year in Pasadena, Calif. Virginia Kaye, Bryant's first girl on the swing, won *Esquire*'s award for "Most Dubious Achievement." That award was presented in absentia. ◆



# BALLING SEXPOTS ABROAD

by Allon Lebrow

A young Washington attorney was recently enjoying a "dream deal" trip to Europe — two-month combination business-vacation junket with all the travel tab and most of the other bills picked up by his law firm — when he got a jolt that marred his continental idyll and almost eclipsed the collective glories of Rome, Paris and Copenhagen on an expense account.

The trauma, as might be expected, came in the form of a woman. But contrary to anything that might be expected, the form was not that of a smouldering Italian beauty, a long-limbed Scandinavian goddess, of a chic, sexy Parisienne. The source of shock was a prim, plain Jane American secretary right out of his own office, in Europe on a three week bargain package vacation.

He had known the girl and seen her almost every working day for four years. And he had always thought of her as pleasant but proper to the point of dullness, not ugly but far from pretty, and anything but sexy. When he bumped into her on the beach at St. Tropez, he could hardly believe what he saw. She was an unabashed vision of bare, bronzed sexiness in the briefest of bikinis. And she boldly introduced him to a handsome Roman boy that she was travelling and living with. A week later he saw her in Paris and she was with a young Frenchman who seemed to be on equally intimate terms with her.

Our Washington friend, completely stunned and fascinated as well, tried to make a date with her, but she wouldn't give him a tumble, merely invited him to join her and her date for dinner or a drink at a favorite bar.

When the girl and he were both back in this country at their jobs again, he found her friendly, but as reserved and untouchable as ever.

"What goes?" he pondered aloud after recounting his frustrating experience. "Over here she is cautious and proper and says she doesn't want to get involved in anything unless it can lead to marriage. And she looks plain and prim. In Europe she was another person altogether — a regular sex machine. She even looked different."

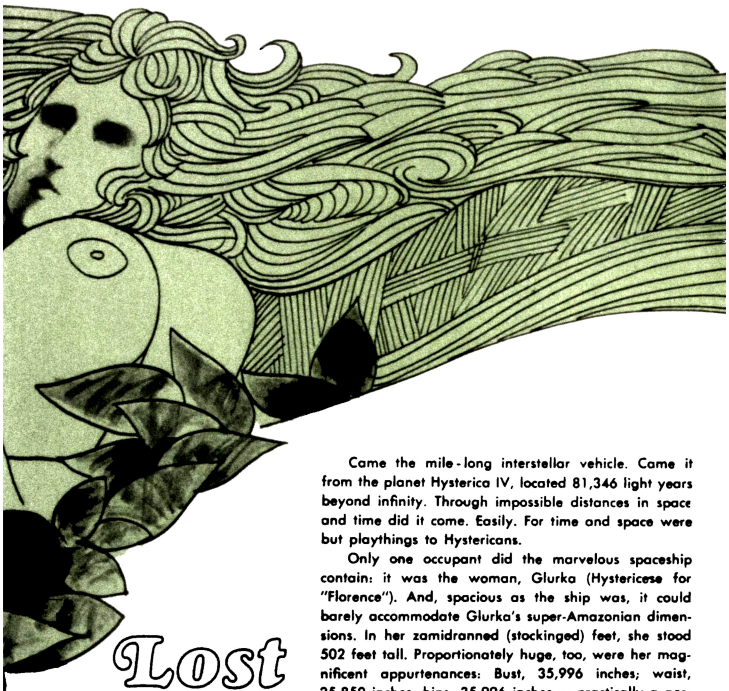
His chagrin was understandable, but what he had run up against, though strange, was a phenomenon that has become standard these days wherever American tourists hang their cameras. It might be called the foreign blooming wallflower syndrome, or the law of travel-burgeoned-virgins. It is, in short, the metamorphosis which turns the primmest of American misses into peregrinating playgirls on the prowl upon issuance of a passport.

The American girl on tour turns from a lady Dr. Jekyll into a roving temptress named Sadie Hyde. Throughout the jet-shrunk, package-toured, travel-now-pay-later world, the vacationing ingenue from the U.S. is making foreign men forget Gina, Brigitte and Marlene. She's not interested in American men, but she's a rampaging sexpot for the natives everywhere.

Of course this really should not be so surprising. When an American male goes abroad by himself to tour Europe stag, everybody

(continued on page 16)


WALTER GAETALDO



# Lost in The Bush

by Martin Winkler

Came the mile-long interstellar vehicle. Came it from the planet Hysterica IV, located 81,346 light years beyond infinity. Through impossible distances in space and time did it come. Easily. For time and space were but playthings to Hystericans.

Only one occupant did the marvelous spaceship contain: it was the woman, Glurka (Hystericese for "Florence"). And, spacious as the ship was, it could barely accommodate Glurka's super-Amazonian dimensions. In her zamidranned (stockinged) feet, she stood 502 feet tall. Proportionately huge, too, were her magnificent appurtenances: Bust, 35,996 inches; waist, 25,850 inches; hips, 35,996 inches — practically a perfect 36-26-36. Her hair resembled nothing so much as an ebony-green river, running casually to her coccyx. Her eyes were two aquamarine swimming pools (kidney shaped). Her mouth was an acre of red roses. And her skin — hundred of yards of it — was leaf green velvet.

Unhappily, however, Glurka, by Hysterica IV standards was a midget. To worsen matters, she was the only midget in all the planet, where the average height for females was 1320 feet — about a quarter-mile. Therefore, since finding a mate at home was patently impossible, Glurka decided to try her luck elsewhere. "What the hell," she told herself pluckily, "somewhere

in this universe there's got to be some shrimpy guy who'd go for a klaberchok (petite) type like myself."

So off she flew, much to the relief of her parents (who had been socially ostracized for years because of their undersized offspring), to search for love and fulfillment, with a flerg (song) in her hair and a grenxit (rose) in her heart.

As fickle Dame Fate would have it, Glurka,'s little spatial runabout developed engine trouble as she was flying over the remotest part of the Himalaya Mountains on the planet Earth. And, being typical of her Earthly sisters in at least one respect, Glurka was thoroughly unfamiliar with the mechanical workings of her vehicle. "Ohshit," (Hystericese for "gosh darn it") she swore. "I knew I should have had that ten-million mile checkup. Who the hell's gonna have spare parts for a Hysteriford on a crummy little planet like *this?*"

The answer, of course, was, "No one."

Fortunately, Glurka managed to land her spacecraft safely. Bruised, but not seriously, she tremblingly emerged into the atmosphere of Earth. And became the first green woman to discover Mount Everest.

Eureka! The air was breathable, the trees were edible, and the clouds were drinkable. Glurka could survive physically, although food for the soul seemed as remote as ever. The only really bothersome thing was the heat. On Hysterica IV the average temperature in Haxchapit (July) was 108 degrees below zero. But by divesting herself of all her garments, Glurka found her surroundings somewhat more comfortable.

And there she stood, in all her naked, glorious greenery—the midget become colossa.

Came a traveler; an average-sized Earth man — sick and weary of the world — determined that he would live henceforward the existence of a hermit, free from the insanity of his fellow beings.

His name was Sheldon.

Came Sheldon. Into the declivity between the two enormous Himalaya peaks where now dwelt — all unbeknownst to him, of course — the tremendously beauteous Glurka-Florence.

Sheldon looked round him. And what he espied was good unto his eyes. "Here," he sighed contentedly, "shall I spend my days in joyous solitude. And, to be safe from marauding beasts of prey, I shall build a 'nest' high up in the safety of this immense green tree. Hmm, interesting tree. I've never seen one quite like it. Those bare branches (how like human arms they seem) must be a mile in height. And this double trunk which joins so high up . . . there, in that central patch of dark foliage, shall I make my haven from the world."

Slowly, cautiously, did Sheldon commence his ascent. The climb was difficult, but somehow pleasant. "What odd wood," mused Sheldon silently. "Warmest wood I ever felt. Something like velvet. Nice."

Rather a goodly length of time later, Sheldon arrived. "How splendid," panted the enchanted man. "What warmth! What protection from the elements! Now let's look into this foliage . . . how cozy. Only it's very difficult to see out. Oh, well, I'm sure I shall soon get used to it. And to the dampness, too . . . I almost feel as if were in the tropics."

A sudden tremor in his newfound home made Sheldon reach quickly out for a hand-hold. "My God," he breathed, "is there to be an earthquake?"

Then the thunder began. But it was the strangest sounding thunder Sheldon had ever heard. Had he not been certain that he was alone, Sheldon could have sworn that it was the collective moaning of a thousand ecstatic females.

Then it stopped. And all was calm again.

True, Sheldon was smaller than the shrimpy guy of Glurka's dreams. But he was, at least, *something.*

As for Sheldon, his bliss was the bliss he had thought reserved only for angels. He had found an earthly Paradise . . . in the jolly of the valley green giant. ◆

## BALLING SEXPOTS

*continued from page 13*

exchanges winks and says they will be waiting for him to come back and tell how the Swedish girls compare with the English, or whether the French women really know more about love than the Italians. The amused assumption is that the lucky guy is going to sample the amorous attractions of each country just as he is the wines, cuisines and outdoor sports.

It apparently never occurs to any of us saying bon voyage to girls heading off on an unescorted continental tour to assume the same thing about them and wish them happy hunting. It is abundantly clear, however, that if it never occurs to us, it damned well occurs to them. Girls who never saw the inside of a man's apartment in the States have become such vigorous connoisseurs of romantic styles in the lands they visit that the local ladies have found they cannot safely take their eyes off their men during the tourist season.

Of course it is a losing battle for the signorinas, fraulein and mamzelles because they have traditionally been known to act like normal flesh and blood women whereas the Americans are professional "nice girls." And everybody knows that normal women never have had a chance against "nice girls" when it came to seduction. Nobody has such an instinct for the salacious and provocative as young women of militant virtue and aggressive innocence. Consequently our girls are




*"Madam Flora, I agree it's wonderful . . . but certain techniques just can't be patented."*

making out like crazy. And even though it is no longer an unusual sight, it remains a striking and remarkable spectacle to see them in action.

The American girl, be she frigid or frustrated (we are told almost everybody is one or the other) lives, at least nominally, by a Victorian code at home. An affair is spoken of, at best, as an indiscretion. More likely it is considered a "catastrophe."

A girl's reputation for virtue is her single commodity for barter in the husband market, she is told. To squander it in the name of love is to throw away her chance at success. These are the ground rules in America, and the girls play by them — *here.*

But the code for conduct abroad is a far different one.

*It's like all those foreign movies, or life among the artists and models on the left bank . . . Latins are great lovers, you know . . . all Continental men are so interesting . . . It's all so sinful and exciting, and since there's nothing to lose . . . nobody to talk here . . . why not . . .*

Thus when the proper young school teacher from Omaha, the quiet secretary from Georgetown, the well-bred students from Smith and Wellesley and Radchiffe, and the sweet little sisters and freshly scrubbed girls-next-door from Houston and Seattle and Atlanta and Salt Lake City go traveling, there is an incredible change. Seeing romantic spots with a gallant foreign lover is a required part of the tour. Having an affair with a native of a country is getting to know the people.

They want to be made love to on gondolas and glaciers, in the Edelweiss as well as the eiderdown. The day is wasted if they are not pinched in Pisa or propositioned in the Louvre, and in Paris the service is a flop if the boy who brings breakfast should forget himself and knock before entering their rooms.

There are hundreds of thousands of American women on the Continent and, while many are married, and many others are in what might be called the "older age," or less lubricious, group, a survey of the situation indicates clearly that neither advancing age nor the existence (even presence) of husbands definitely ruled out these ladies' interest in romantic dalliance with the local population.

It is the activities of the wholesome young "white collar" girls, however, that presents the most interesting, and to European men, most delightful, part of the picture.

In an informal but broad, penetrating survey, we talked to many of the girls, to men from America who saw them in action, and to some of those living on the continent. Many of the girls were reluctant, especially when approached back in the States, to talk on the subject, but when assured that it would be confidential, and that no names or intimate details would be told, they spoke frankly, and often with wistful relish.

The picture which emerged from the survey was a generally consistent one in this respect; the girls observed an utterly different view of life and standard of conduct in exotic lands than they do in America.

A pretty, brown-haired Long Island girl, who works in a public relations office and has her own small apartment in Manhattan, smiled and admitted, "Of course, it's all different. I was in Europe for six months and I traveled everywhere with a man and lived with him quite comfortably. I wouldn't do that here. Even though I have more privacy than girls living at home, I could not do it without being noticed and talked about, and that would create difficulties. There it's accepted, so I relaxed and enjoyed conforming with the local customs."

We asked if the man was American.

"Don't be silly. Of course not," she replied. "Most American men wouldn't really accept it the way European men do. If you carried on like that with an American you were interested in, you'd spoil any possibilities the relationship had."

Did this mean she preferred European men?

"Not necessarily. It depends on the man. I prefer their attitude about things like this, but Americans have their good points too, and they come out in other places."

Was it just the difference in manners and customs, or were Europeans more romantic and better lovers?

"I don't know about their being better lovers, but they are more romantic. There, romance is a glorious thing for its own sake, and the customs express the idea. So do the men — beautifully, and for twenty-four hours a day. That does things to a girl."

There's another point which a thoughtful blonde from San Francisco added on the subject of all-important *romantic atmosphere.*

"The romantic feeling around everything is so important, and it's there," she said. "But of course the fact that you have twenty-four hours a day to feel it, and don't have to squeeze a date in for a few hours after a long day's work or just on weekends helps. After all, mood takes time to build up. On vacation I had nothing to interrupt the feeling. And it did build up. Of course Europe *is* a wonderful place for

Occasionally among the younger of the young Americans the feeling carries them away, and then the mood, pierced by deep-seated conflicts carried over from earlier Puritan days back on the American Continent, breaks down. Upon occasion this has led to rather dra-

*(continued on page 60)*



# Adrienne

Adrienne is a French-born stunner now working in New York whose assets are international. Fluent in several languages, she recently took a job as an interpreter at the United Nations, replacing a girl who worked there two years and who was proposi tioned in more languages than she thought existed.

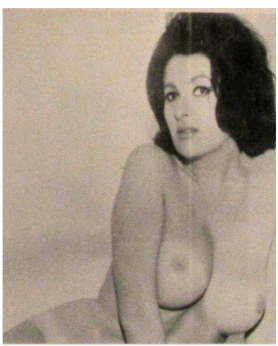
Adrienne, if annoyed by the worldwide wooers, puts an abrupt ending to their courting by bidding them a firm goodbye in their native tongue. If she doesn't know their particular language, she says "carbolic acid" — which is goodbye in any language.

It's not that Adrienne isn't romantically inclined, it's just that she's been going steady for a year with a fellow named Roland. She'd like to settle down and get married, but Roland is the flighty type — he's a pilot on a commercial airliner. Adrienne isn't even sure if they're compatible. She inherited a sense of thrift and frugality from her parents in Provence but Roland likes high living, which makes sense for a flyer.









Incidentally, it was a little over a year ago that they first met at the Waldorf-Astoria in a revolving door and they've been going around together ever since.

Roland says he knew he'd fall for a French girl because he has always been crazy about French toast, French-fried potatoes and French post cards — the Eiffel Tower type. Speaking of types, the type of beauty that is Adrienne's has attracted movie scouts here and in France. Adrienne says that when she and Roland get married, they'll honeymoon in Paris and she may take a crack at the cinema there. Roland has no objections and says if she makes it big and earns big money, he'd just as soon settle down in Paris and become a true parasite.




*"Just what is it she's raffling off anyway?"*

# THE THINGS THEY DON'T TELL IN THE MARRIAGE MANUALS

By CHARLES B. VICTOR

**Nowadays it's a pretty poor marriage manual that doesn't tell you everything you need to know about sex. In addition, these handy little books throw in a number of thing you really don't need to know, plus some you don't even want to know. Each detail of the human anatomy, male and female, is covered with scrupulous analytical precision in both picture and text. Almost every sex practice you can imagine (and some you never even thought of) is graphically described with loving care to make your married life more sexually enjoyable. Many of the manuals even include tips to aid you in the initial stages of courtship, and rules of social behavior to help you select a more compatible mate. Seemingly they cover the ground from the time you venture out on that first date, to the day you are so old that sex is but a nostalgic memory.**

**But, the trouble is, the marriage manuals omit some of the really vital things one needs to know about selecting a mate, be she wife or mistress.**

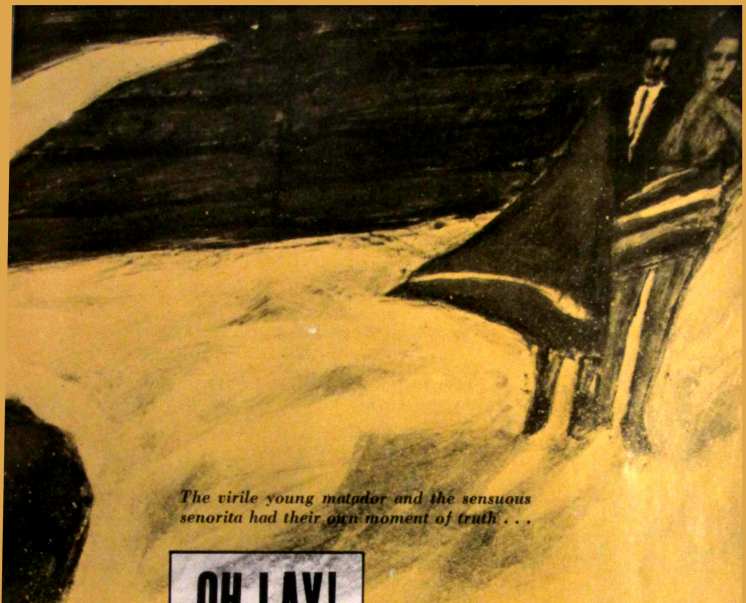
**How many men, for example, ever pause to find out whether the would-be mate sleeps with the window open or closed?**

*(continued on page 63)*

*These popular and handy little books may be all right as far as they go but men, and you better believe it, they don't go far enough . . .*







*The virile young matador and the sensuous senorita had their own moment of truth . . .*

# OH LAY! OH LAY!

by Fred E. Ricks

***Julio turned to Vicente Guerreras as the last of the aficionados left the matador's hotel room. "Before a corrida always they come to drink your Tequila and talk of how much they know of bulls. Bah!"***

***Vicente smiled. "They are my public, Julio, and they will throw cushions into the ring as quickly as they will shout Ole."***

***"Leeches, all of them. Devil take them. Now you will rest, eh, Matador?"***

***Vicente stretched out on the bed. "Rest in my***

own way. There are two kinds of rest, Julio — and tonight I desire the more enjoyable. I will see Angelica."

"Vicente!" Julio shouted. "Tomorrow it is not just a bull you are fighting — it is a Las Astas bull; the *peons*, at the pens, already call it the scarlet bull. He gores other bulls, *si*."

"Scarlet or with polka dots . . . it makes no difference to me."

"*Si, si*, you are a matador of stature, but you need sleep. That *puta* Angelica is—"

"Enough, Julio!"

"No, matador, it is not enough. She is a slut more dangerous than any *toro*. Vicente, Dio, Vicente, listen to me . . . you are now a greater matador than Alvarez; he does not take kindly to this. He is getting old . . . and he is vicious."

"Alvarez was a matador of great stature."

"*Si, amigo—was*. And he knows that tomorrow there will be no *Oles* for him if he does not do as well as you. It is the most important *corrida* of the season. Last week they laughed at him in Cuenca."

"Uhmm, they laughed. It was sad, Julio. They forget so quickly. True, he is bitter."

"And still you would see Angelica? Alvarez' mistress?"

"She has been with me for eight months, Julio."

"She was in love with him. I do not trust her."

"Julio," Vicente smiled wryly, "love, to Angelica, is fame . . . they are the same to her. Even somewhere tonight there is a boy, dirty, perhaps ragged, who dreams of being a matador. One day this boy will fight a bull, and I will fight a bull — and there will be more *Oles* for him. And Angelica will have a new lover. Yesterday she was with Alvarez, today with me and tomorrow our unknown urchin. But that is tomorrow . . . tonight she is a passion and pleasure to me. Go to her room and have her come up."

"But—"

"Go." Vicente interrupted.

Julio shrugged and left the room.

"Ole, Matador!" Angelica whispered as she slipped into the room, her voice as sensuous as the rhythm of her walk. She coiled beside him on the bed. "You should be resting, Matador." Angelica murmured caressing his chest.

"You do not dress to give a man peace, Angelica."

Angelica laughed as her hands played over her breasts. "It is a simple black dress."

"I have never seen so much promise in a dress so simple." Vicente replied stroking the crease between her breasts.

Angelica rolled away reaching for the Tequila bottle. "I will drink to your success tomorrow. You, Vicente?"

"No. My head must be clear."

"A gentleman does not allow a lady to drink alone. You will drink." She poured the Tequila and handed Vicente a glass.

"Far too much, Angelica."

"Tch, tch, you look like a courageous matador but drink like a child."

"You are far more pleasurable than Tequila, Angelica." Vicente murmured drawing her close, burrowing his lips through the sleek perfumed hair to her ear.

"And more intoxicating?"

"Much more." He pulled down the bodice of her strapless gown pressing strong fingers into the fullness of her breasts.

"Uhmm," Angelica sighed. "*Ole*, Matador, *Ole, Ole* . . . She ripped away her dress, her dark Latin flesh writhing on the crisp white sheets, her scarlet nails fumbling excitedly over the sinewy body of her Matador.

Vicente's hands found a myriad pleasurable intimacies in her body. She pressed to his nakedness with abandon; kissing, clawing lovingly. Their bodies fused and strained and finally exploded.

Vicente groaned. Angelica drained her glass of Tequila. The Matador glanced at the liquid, hesitated, then shrugged and emptied his glass.

Angelica refilled his glass. "Matador, you will need strength . . . much strength . . . there is a desire in your woman that still trembles." Her lithe limbs entwined around his.

"I must keep my head clear . . . I . . ."

Her teeth were white sharp vixens nibbling at his flesh, teasing him to passion.

She was breasts and limbs devouring him, crushing him in softness. He drank from the bottle and presently there was for him no awareness of anything but the magic of a woman's body.

"Vicente! Vicente!" Julio's shouts cracked through the room like gun fire a few hours later.

Swearing, Vicente went to the door and opened it. "Can I have no peace!"

"Vicente . . ." Julio said excitedly. He glanced at Angelica and then began to whisper.

Vicente listened, glared at his friend and then nodded. He hesitated for a moment then whispered something to Julio.

Julio stared incredulously, "But I do not understand, Vicente."

"It does not matter. Do as I say!"

"*Si*," Julio replied numbly. "*Si*." He hurried away.

Vicente closed the door. He walked to the bed.

"And what did that repulsive creature want?" Angelica queried.

"It is not what he wanted, Angelica — it is what he gave."

"Gave? A peasant has something to give to a great matador?"

"*Si*. As in the *corrida* . . . he gave me a moment of truth."

*(continued on page 28)*

# MAJO

*Majo, our cover girl, is Germany's newest and most exciting sexport. She has that rare ability to exude sensuality with every move and gesture she makes. Her expressive face registers her emotions and inner desires, and she seems to simmer and sizzle which brings male viewers to a quick boil. In our next issue of Jem, we will feature a fuller coverage (but with no more covered) of our wild dream girl.*



*continued from page 26*

"Hmm?"

Vicente stared at the lush body. "He has been drinking with Juan."

"There are a hundred thousand Juans in Mexico, *Querido.*"

"There is only one Juan who is *picador* in Alvarez' *Quadrilla.*"

"Oh . . ."

"Only one Juan who works for Alvarez. Julio bought him many drinks. Juan drank many drinks . . . and he said many words."

Angelica stared for a moment, then dressed with deliberate casualness. She glanced at Vicente with undisguised hostility. "You are a clown in the ring with your fancy Veronicas and absurd Manoletinas — Alvarez is an artist . . . classic. He does not stoop to tricks that please the crowds but are an insult to true *aficionados.* You are not a matador—you are a skilled clown."

"The *toros'* horns are as sharp for clowns as they are for artists."

"Pity they have not been sharper and more deadly for clowns!" Angelica snapped. "Alvarez knows nothing of what I attempted to do."

"This I believe. Alvarez is bitter, but I think he is a man of stature. He would not attempt murder in the *corrida* by using a woman's body."

"You are exhausted and tomorrow when you face the Scarlet Bull your thoughts will be of anger for me; you will not be as alert, as skillful. *Dio!* May he gore you. For eight months I have waited for Alvarez to be the matador he was. He no longer is — but when he retires it will be by choice, not because a clown could draw the greater *Oles.* I love Alvarez."

"Even to such treachery?" Vicente's head swam with the alcohol, his weary limbs trembled with anger and exhaustion.

"Any treachery. Soon it will be dawn, soon a clown will face the most dangerous bull Las Astas could breed. God willing, tomorrow evening the crowds will mourn the death of a clown. You are tired, Vicente, and filled with anger." She walked toward the door. "Good luck, Matador." Her laugh was vicious.

Vicente's hand cut a sharp arc through the humid air. Angelica staggered from the blow and looked fearfully at Vicente as he locked the door.

"We shall wait, Angelica, for the dawn; for that special moment when the city still sleeps but the sun awakens." He forced her into a chair and stood wordlessly over her until the first streaks of gray light whisped across the sky.

"Now it is time." Vicente said quietly.

Angelica struggled as Julio forced her back to Vicente's chest, binding her waist tightly to Vicente's with a scarlet sash.

"It would be wise not to struggle, Angelica," Vicente murmured. He extended his arms around her waist and took the cape from Julio. He glanced across the deserted ring at the pen door with the sign TOROS. "Release the Scarlet Bull, Julio." Vicente looked down at the horror in Angelica's face. "*Si,* Angelica, together we fight a bull. You will learn how large and sharp the horns look — *even to a clown.* My cape work may not be graceful because you are bound to me . . . But you will see how huge the Toros look — *even to a clown.* You will smell the breath of a bull as it passes your breasts, you will feel his coarse hair brush your nakedness."

Vicente ripped her dress away.

"The Scarlet Bull's horns shall kiss each breast. Do you still pray for a goring, *Querida?*"

"Vicente, Vicente . . ." Angelica pleaded. "It was a poor joke . . . I . . . . I was teasing. I do not love Alvarez . . . only you, Vicente . . . only you."

"Hah, toro!" Vicente shouted, stamping his foot as the huge auburn bull ran nervously into the ring. "We shall not even weaken him with the picador's lances. Hey, Toro! Hah! Toro!"

The bull snorted, pawed the sand, lowered his head.

"See the horns, Angelica? They slash into the groin or belly . . . see how large they look? Hah, Toro! Toro!" He stamped his foot again, inciting the bull toward the cape. "Here we stand, Angelica . . . we do not step back . . . we guide the bull exactly where we want him . . . a breath away from your soft flesh. Hey, Toro!"

"Vicente, in the name of God!"

"Toro!"

The Scarlet Bull charged at the taunting cape, sand flew in the wake of its hooves.

"See how close he comes, Angelica? See how much larger and menacing he grows as he charges—fearful even to a clown. Pray, *Querida,* that my Veronica is adequate . . . your body limits me. See how the Toro charges. Almost here, *Querida,* almost here."

The auburn bull flew into the cape and was guided aside by the Veronica.

"Hah, Toro!" Vicente shouted.

The bull snorted, wheeled and stood staring at the Matador.

"Julio, the bull is a good one," Vicente shouted drunkenly. "A brave bull. And now, Angelica we shall try a *Pase Natural* . . . a *Pase* which, when well done, brings the horns a hair away from the matador's guts. Hey, Toro . . . kiss her breasts with your horns. Toro!" He stamped his foot.

The cape taunted.

The bull kicked at the sand, its sinews glistening in the dawn light. It seemed to wait, to study the strange two-bodied matador.

*(continued on page 68)*

# WILSON / *Our Man Flip*

***One of the funniest comedians to come along in years has been working at it for years, but appearances on the Johnny Carson "Tonight" show have made him an "overnight" success***

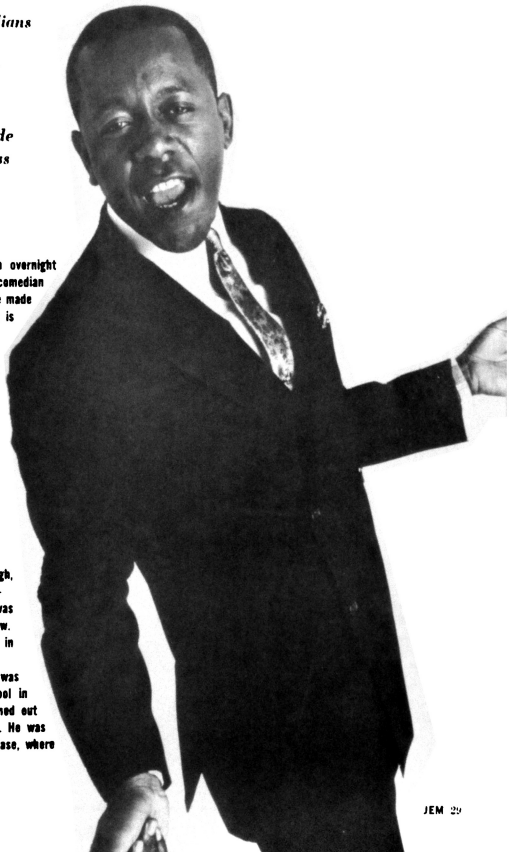
By Will Little

How long does it take to become an overnight success in show business? In the case of comedian Flip Wilson—12 years. Although claims are made that Johnny Carson discovered him, that is really not the whole story. Admittedly the exposure of six "Tonight" shows brought Flip into the home of millions, but in fact Flip was a working comedian for 12 years prior to his first spot on the "Johnny Carson Show."

Furthermore, Flip admits to being the schoolhouse ham who made his debut at the age of nine playing "Clara Barton" in the school play because he learned the lines by "hanging around." (The leading lady didn't show up opening night due to a case of severe stage fright).

His interest in becoming a comic, though, goes back even further. During Flip's pre-school days in Jersey City, where he was born, his dad took him to a vaudeville show. The moment Flip saw his first comic in action, he was hooked.

Although he was a good student, he was impatient and dropped out of high school in 1950 to enlist in the Air Force. This turned out to be one of the good breaks in his life. He was initially assigned to Hamilton Air Force Base, where






*"What do you mean, 'that's the way the cookie crumbles?'"*

his commanding officer not only took a liking, but a personal interest in him. The CO insisted that Wilson finish his education while in the Service and then, inadvertently, gave Wilson the opportunity to develop his "flip" style of delivery.

It was the CO's job to stage a weekly Troop Information Program for the base. The CO staged them all right, but since attendance wasn't compulsory, no one ever showed up. Then, at Flip's suggestion, the CO changed these information sessions into debates. With Flip acting as the Devil's Advocate, the debates got real wild and as the word spread, these weekly sessions soon became SRO. The only thing that troubled the CO was that Flip always won the debates, even when he defended the wrong side of the argument.

Flip's ability to find humor in the least likely situation was never more apparent than during his tour of duty at Guam Air Force Base. He was always talking, so he was picked to lecture the men on something pertinent to their living on Guam. Since the island was loaded with coconut crabs, Flip decided to do some research and give a lecture on the sex habits of the coconut crab. Flip has forgotten most of it, but he still remember the part that made the biggest impression on the men: the male coconut crab can't be beat for tenacity. During mating season, the females congregate around the water and the males crawl as much as 75 miles back to the seashore to score.

It's not surprising that a man who could find humor in coconut crabs could come up with a really different type of nightclub routine. For example, who would ever think you could get a hilarious bit out of the David and Goliath story? Well, Flip did and it's one of his funniest monologues:

"Did you know that Little David was one of the first big pop singers? Whenever the girls would see him they would scream, 'Play on your harp, David!' They used to buy his albums and take them home and read the covers. This was a real compliment since no one had yet invented a record player.

"One day David was playing in the Colosseum when Goliath and his gang rode in on their motorcycles. They had the word *Philistines* printed on their leather jackets. Goliath came up to David and said, 'I'll give you five bucks if you sing *Happy Birthday* to me.' But David refused. So Goliath started a fight. He was just about to hit David from behind with a club when David's girlfriend Bathsheba, who also worked in the club, screamed out a warning. David whirled around and hit Goliath right between the eyes with his slingshot. Goliath crumpled to the floor, and David, feeling sorry, leaned over him and sang 'Happy Birthday to You!' "

Of course, Flip's material and his nightclub engagements didn't materialize overnight. After leaving the Air Force in 1954, he got his first chance to appear before a non-uniformed audience. While watching the regular dance act at the Manor Plaza Hotel late one evening, he saw that the act had a big hole right in the middle. He persuaded the management to let him plug up the dull spots by pretending to be a drunk who accidentally wandered on stage. Although he had no lines, he brought loads of laughs. Later, as he added a few of his own gags, the routine was even more successful.

Flip is too modest to say so, but a stage hand who recalls that early routine says that Flip soon made the dancers look as if they were stooges for his act. Since this wasn't Flip's intention, he decided to move on. Besides, the hours were getting him down. In addition to acting in the show every night from 10 p.m. to 2 p.m., he also was working in the hotel as a bell-hop from 8 a.m. to 4 p.m. and in the manager's office from 6 p.m. to 10 p.m. And all three of the jobs put together hardly paid him a living wage.

He traveled the hitchhike, pass-the-hat circuit and kept building slowly as he wrote better and more original material for himself. With determination and many years of writing, editing and testing, he became an "in" comic. Entertainers and show people loved him so much they use his ideas and material — of course without payment, permission or credit.

As for Flip, he was content to work steadily even though the progress was slow. It didn't even bug him when young comics, such as Bill Cosby, Woody Allen and Godfrey Cambridge, who came up after him, received recognition and he didn't. This didn't bother Flip because he liked what he was doing. He never considered giving up his life as a professional comedian.

Now that he has made it, he jokes about wanting to be a singer. "You know," says Flip, "it's the singers who get all the girls. Especially the new singers who work with a hand mike. They walk out in the audience and they are leaning over the girls. The thing that gets me about the singers is that most of them spit when they sing. They even spit on the girls they are leaning all over, and still these girls dig these guys.

"It evidently makes the girls swoon and brings out hidden passions. If you doubt this, I suggest you try it on your old lady. The next time she is sleeping, tiptoe into the room and spit on her. Boy, when she wakes up, you'll see a display of passion you never knew she possessed!"

That's our man, Flip! ◆




***Buried beneath the mud, sand and slime of Kingston's outer harbor, Port Royal's long-submerged pirate and buccaneer treasure has been waiting for nearly three centuries for some intrepid treasure-hunter to come and get it! . . .***

# City Beneath The SEA

by Lt. Harry E. Rieseberg

***You've heard of Atlantis and the lost Continent of Mu, both of them legends. Well, there's a community actually buried beneath the Caribbean — and here's how it was discovered, as told by the man who first walked the streets after it sank beneath the sea. . . .***

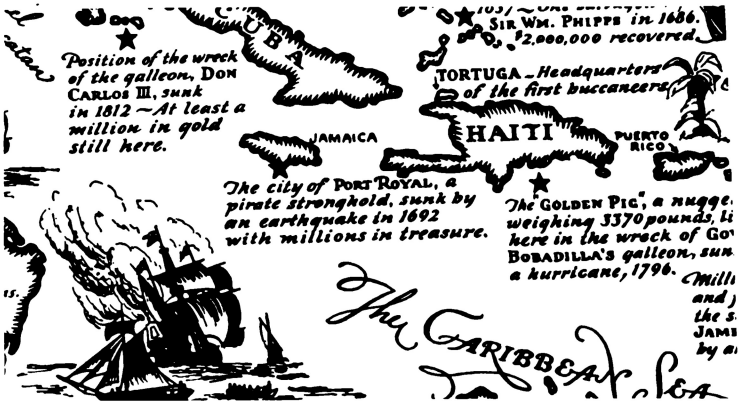
It was June 7, 1692. The people of Port Royal, Jamaica, were happy. And with good reason. This teeming town of the Caribbean was one of the richest ports in the Western Hemisphere, the sanctuary of pirates, buccaneers and smugglers, the "Pirates' Babylon" of the New World. Shipload followed shipload of gold, silver, jewels and other loot from the well-traveled lanes that linked the great centers of wealth and commerce during that era. The valuables were stored in huge warehouses amid the center of infamy that was Port Royal.

Yes, the rich, bawdy, brawling town had plenty to be thankful for — until midway through that fateful June day. It was then that the blue tropic sky was suddenly robbed of its color. Blackness swept in from the horizon to engulf the island of Jamaica. Without warning, jagged lightning gave tongue to reverberat-


E HUNTER'S
AP
ST INDIES
panish Main
Spanish galleon, containing $5,000,000 in gold, sunk here.
Straits of Florida
SAN SALVADOR
Columbus landed here, Oct. 12, 1492.
A fleet of 16 Spanish galleons sunk here in 1637 — One salvaged by SIR WM. PHIPPS in 1686. $2,000,000 recovered.
CUBA
TORTUGA — Headquarters of the first buccaneers.
JAMAICA
HAITI
PUERTO RICO
The city of PORT ROYAL, a pirate stronghold, sunk by an earthquake in 1692 with millions in treasure.
The "GOLDEN PIG", a nugget weighing 3370 pounds, lies here in the wreck of GOV. BOBADILLA'S galleon, sunk in a hurricane, 1796.
Millions in gold, silver, and jewels lie here in the sunken city of JAMESTOWN, submerged by an earthquake, 1680.
Flagship of the French fleet, containing $100,000 in gold, sunk here by ADMIRAL RODNEY April 12, 1782.
The CARIBBEAN SEA
SANTA MARTA
CARTAGENA
O BELLO
OLD TRAIL
Untold millions in gold and silver lie buried in the jungle near these coastal cities — This treasure was hidden at the time of the raids by MORGAN and other buccaneers.
LAKE MARACAIBO
A fleet of six Spanish galleons sunk here by the buccaneer, SIR HENRY MORGAN. They carried millions in treasure.
The galleon, "SANTISIMA CONCEPCION" with tons of gold and silver aboard, sunk here by the Dutch pirate, WOODEN LEG, 1670.
Unidentified galleon brought up here while dredging for a drydock
SOUTH AMERICA



*On June 7, 1692, a storm engulfed the island of Jamaica. In the harbor, ships toppled over on their beam ends and then plunged to the bottom of the raging sea.*




*Map of Jamaica showing the site of Port Royal, headquarters of 17th century pirates and buccaneers, known as the "Pirates' Babylon."*

ing barrages of thunder. The bay was attacked by a maddened sea that marched against the rocky shore in great waves. Yet only the superstitious felt any fear. Port Royal had withstood other storms and survived. There was nothing in this to arouse terror. True, some of the ships moored in the harbor were having a rough time of it, but the people on shore merely barricaded doors and windows and made themselves snug for sitting it out. Even when a building fell before the wind and waves, and then another, there was no panic. The waterfront slums were of flimsy wooden construction — they would go, perhaps — but the rich of the town were protected well back from the sea's farthest reaches. Or so they thought.

When the first faint quiver was felt, no one thought it was more than an another freakish whim of the storm. Then a definite shock crumbled some of the buildings. The first real fear gripped the islanders. The trembling worsened, making even the strongest jaw go slack . . .

And then ——

Port Royal had its own private Judgment Day. As many said later,







*(Above left) Priests of the church summoned the people to the front of the cathedral and prayed for deliverance. Struck by lightning bolt, the huge spire fell among them, killing hundreds.*

*(Above right) Showing the ancient bell of the cathedral resting alongside a more modern wreck with the author, Lt. H. E. Riesenberg, in diving dress finding the relic.*

*(Left) An oil painting of the time shows weeping captive girls, indentured servants and others being resold to the pirates and buccaneers of the wicked old port.*

the community had lived with its wickedness too long. Like a festering sore on a healthy body, the pirates' den, Somebody decreed, must be removed. It must be wiped out.

It was. With perhaps the most ghastly sound ever heard by human ears, the land beneath Port Royal cracked, rose, fell away — and vanished. The sea rushed in like a giant hungry jackal to devour its wounded prey while it still lived. Buildings collapsed upon themselves — and upon the terrified occupants, who rushed into the flooded streets and alleys. *Take to the high grounds!* the shouts went. But there was no high ground. There was no ground at all. One last dying gasp came from the stricken town, and then it vanished from the sight of men. And the men vanished with it.

Most of them, anyway. The few that remained struggled furiously atop the angry sea, clinging to planks and bits of wreckage. Some of them miraculously remained alive to tell the frightful tale of Port Royal's last agonized moments. Later these survivors established the city of Kington Harbor, now the capital of Jamaica, on the solid

(continued on page 64)





# *Jem's Gem of the Month*

# GINGER

Ginger is a girl who lives for excitement. Her latest kick is sky diving. She says it's a thrill a second soaring through the air in a free fall until she opens her parachute. To date, she has made 43 jumps — 42 in the air and one when the pilot made a pass at her. The pilot used to be a quarterback but that was the worst pass he ever made because Ginger, a Karate expert, shouted fiercely and belted him so hard he became the first pilot to ever do a loop-the-loop inside a plane. It's necessary to yell or shout, explains Ginger, because Karate is screaming at the top of your lunges.

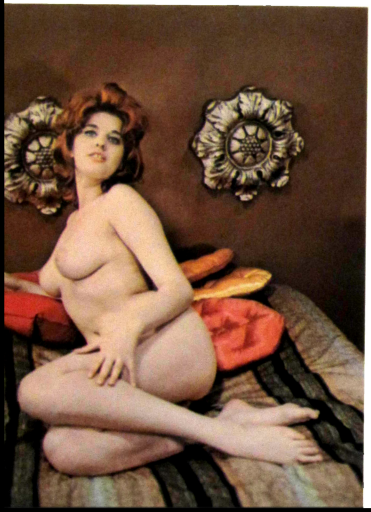
Ginger's craze for speed and excitement has led her to the wild world of motorcycles, hot rods, drag races and currently, sky diving.

It was sky diving, oddly enough, which brought her into modeling. As she parachuted down one time, she scraped against a tree which tore most of her clothes off. A photographer, on hand to shoot the action, saw enough of Ginger to realize that even without a parachute, she had a full blown figure and talked her into posing for him. Since then, she has become known as the excitement model — everytime she is seen, there's excitement galore for the viewers.

For more of Ginger, turn the page to our center spread . . .










Jem's Gem of the Month





*Adulterous affairs in Hollywood are as commonplace as old movie plots but never was there a climax so incredible and terrifying . . .*

# When Hubby's Away COOL CATS PLAY

He kissed her as soon as she opened the door. She squirmed and feigned annoyance, but it was over two weeks since the last time and he knew she was as hungry as he was. He kissed her hair, the nape of her neck, her cheeks, her eyelids, her mouth. She tasted of fifty dollar French perfume and soft, sunshine living and knowing only the best people in Beverly Hills. In a word, she was delicious — especially when you considered the two tennis courts, the pool, the mansion, the three limousines and the six-figure bank account that went along with her.

After a while she was able to work her mouth out from under long enough to whisper a warning.

"Eddie, fool, darling, are you crazy? He's right upstairs, the front bedroom."

"So what? You know he never leaves that room. Or has he been miraculously cured since my last visit?"

The woman shook her head, her eyes twinkling. "Would I let a ridiculous thing like that happen? Give me some credit, Mr. Barnes."

The man laughed, pulled her to him again. "Lord, I missed you," he said, nuzzling her ear-lobe. "I almost went out my mind."

"How do you think it was for me?" said the woman, taking the precaution to move into a dark alcove in case any of the servants hadn't departed yet on their weekly day off. "You, at least, were on location, but me, I had to face him every day feeding him, cleaning him, listening to his drunken ravings hour after hour."

"He can't last much longer."

"That's for sure," said the woman. Her name was Helen and she was speaking about J. L. Curtis, her husband of eleven months, who also happened to be the original founder of Curtis Studios, Hollywood's third largest film producing company. Once the name J. L. Curtis had meant

by R. Mann




*"How come she keeps getting raises? She's always lying down on the job."*

power, prestige, genius; but that was thirty years ago, and what she was stuck with was a rotting, washed-out alcoholic of sixty who, after a series of expensive failures, had been forced to retire by his Board of Directors, and was now nothing but an obstacle between her and half-a-million dollars. "Why doesn't he just die?" said the woman, closing her eyes and pressing herself against her visitor's jacket as if to blot out all memory of the living corpse she was still married to.

"Shh," said the man, scolding her with a glance. He was five years younger than she was and enjoyed the complete authority he had over her person. He kissed her again just for the hell of it and because everything was going according to plan. This time she was limp, unresisting.

The kiss ended. Reluctantly she pushed him away; her face was flushed, exquisitely in love with him.

"We'd better stop. I told him you phoned and were coming over. He's been looking forward to it all morning."

Arm-in-arm they walked toward the stairs. "Be careful," continued the woman. "His mind's still very alert, very quick. Nothing gets by him."

"Don't worry about me. The stakes are too big for any slip up now."

"Even so, watch him. Lately he's been acting very strange, like something's going on that I don't know about. And some of the things he says are awful spooky."

"Like what?"

"You'll see. Just be careful. I love you." She tried for another kiss, but the man wasn't having any. Suddenly nervous, he held her at arm's length.

"You think he suspects something?"

"I don't know. He still talks about you like you were his own son."

"That's a laugh."

"Isn't it, though."

The man lit a cigarette, frowned; a perfectionist, he became disturbed by the slightest miscalculation. Actually, he had counted on the old man being dead by the time he returned, but then J.L. had always fooled him, hanging on to life in spite of a heart condition and his insatiable thirst for whiskey.

"What does he do up there all day?"

"Just sits in the dark, drinking, mumbling, staring into space."

"Does he ever scream?"

"Sometimes."

"Then he's reached the D.T.s again."

The woman nodded. "That's the good news I've been saving. This time he's passed the point of no return for sure. Even his doctors have given up on him. They say if he keeps drinking at his usual rate, he'll be dead in a week. They've ordered me to throw out every drop of liquor in the house."

"And have you?"

"I'm cruel, but not that cruel," said the woman coquettishly.

The man patted her face. "You're a good wife," he said. "But then J.L. always deserved the best. I'll see that he drinks two or three toasts to you in appreciation of your loyalty and devotion."

"You'll find a bottle in the second drawer of his bureau in case he's already finished the one I accidentally left under his bed."

"You're adorable."

They kissed again, deeply, sweetly. In the middle of it they were interrupted by a crashing sound from above.

"He's getting restless," whispered the woman. "He probably heard you come in." She took a handkerchief from the man's lapel pocket and wiped all traces of lipstick from his face.

"Will I see you later?"

"I'll be at the pool. Maybe he'll even invite you to stay for a swim."

"I'd like that."

"So would I." She blew him a final kiss. "Make it soon."

The man watched her move off, her figure lithe and willowy. He smiled in expectation. And to think that just four years ago he'd been nothing but a messenger-boy in the J. L. Curtis Studios, riding a bike, sorting fan mail, running errands for every two-bit star or starlet who'd snap a finger in his direction. He had never felt lower in his life, yet he complained to no one, watching, learning, waiting for the one break that would pay off in spades.

It took almost a year, but when the angle showed he was first in line to grab and milk it for all it was worth. The angle was J.L. Curtis, himself, and his drinking habit, a habit no one was supposed to recognize or speak of if he wanted to stay employed. It was a problem J. L.'s doctors tried to cure, his Board of Directors tried to duck, his Publicity Department tried to hide and only he, Eddie Barnes, was smart enough to nurse into a lifetime security.

He nursed it well, sneaking drinks to the Old Man at a time he was surrounded by a dedicated army of specialists, quacks and do-gooders, who were determined to kick the whiskey demon off his back once and for all. They failed nobly, thanks mostly to an efficient messenger-boy, who appeared each afternoon in J.L.'s private office with a steaming pot of coffee, a boyish grin, and a flask of cheap booze that the Old Man would slip out of his back pocket when no one was watching.

Such loyalty could not go unrewarded; soon he was promoted to J.L.'s personal messenger-boy. In a month he was his private secretary and so on up the beanstalk. Bit by bit, in the years that followed, he

*(continued on page 48)*

by Rea Leece



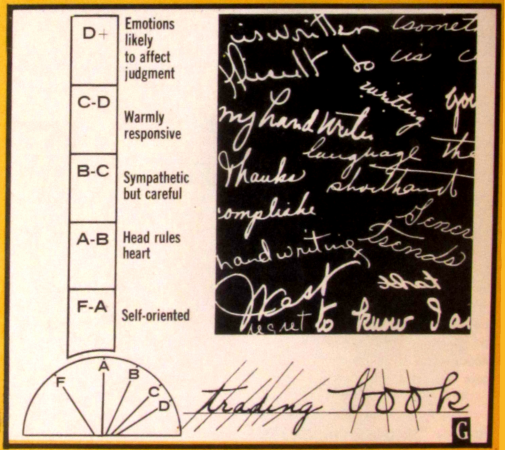
# How to Test Your EMOTIONALITY

***Are you excitable; too impulsive? Perhaps you need a new slant on life.***

The slant of your handwriting is a dead giveaway to your "emotionality," according to handwriting specialists who have spent years in study and research to establish the correlation.

To take your own emotional temperature, find a sentence or two you wrote recently. It's better to use "old writing" because you then eliminate the likelihood of "copy book" writing, knowing as you do that the sample is to be analyzed. However, if you can't find any "old writing" jot down the words of a familiar song, poem, or couple of well known quotations. You'll need about 25 words. Be sure to use unlined paper. Draw a "base line" under the lines of writing. Sometimes this will vary from word to word or even within a word. Now draw in vertical lines which follow the slant or angle of 50 consecutive "upstrokes" in your sample (see illustration 1). Mark the upstrokes where they leave the base line, to where they stop. Ignore the curves of the letters — make a straight line.

Now take a piece of tissue paper or other transparent paper and make a tracing of the slant guide illustrated.

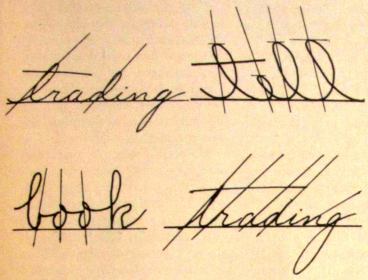



(Illustration 2). Mark the lines as indicated, F - A - B - C - D. Take this guide and lay it on top of your own "marked-up" writing. You will find that each upstroke you have marked will fall somewhere between the lettered lines.

The next step is to draw an emotional thermometer by making a simple bar graph as illustrated in illustration #3. You will see this graph is divided into five areas — F-A, A-B, B-C, C-D, and D-plus.

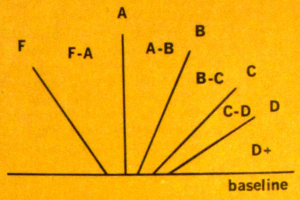
As you measure each of your

## Illustration 1




Measure upstrokes in your handwriting by drawing lines from spot where the stroke leaves the baseline to where it ceases to go up. Extend the lines somewhat to make it easier to measure the slant angle.

## Illustration 2




**The Slant Guide**

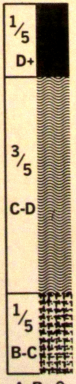
## Illustration 3




**Emotional Thermometer**

Typical recording of strokes in sections of emotional thermometer. Strokes which fall into lettered areas when measured with slant guide are recorded in their proper sections on the "thermometer" graph.

## Illustration 4




**A-B: 0**
**F-A: 0**

Thermometer calibrated according to percentage of strokes in each area. This "reading" indicates the writer is very emotionally responsive (most strokes in C-D area) — at times is even impulsive (relatively high number of D+ strokes). Writer should try harder to be more objective (no strokes in A-B area and fewest number in B-C division).

Writing that registers A-B when written off-hand, not drawn, shows that judgment will rule the emotions. B-C writing indicates quick, sympathetic response. Writing that registers A-F indicates a self-oriented individual.

"marked strokes," indicate on the graph thermometer in which area each stroke falls. Most likely you will have strokes falling in three or more areas.

Where do most of your slant marks fall? In the C-D and D-plus areas, with a smattering of A-Bs or B-Cs? Or are your strokes predominantly vertical (the A-B division) with a few even to the left of vertical — in the F-A section?

Studies conducted by members of the Chicago-based International Graphoanalysis Society prove that the more outgoing your nature — or the more emotionally responsive you are — the farther to the right will be the slant of your writing.

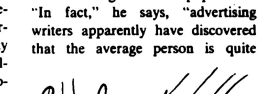
The impulsive individual — the one whose heart rules his head — will most likely have most of his slant strokes in the C-D and D-plus areas. The "cool cucumber" will be a vertical writer in most cases. The qualifying clauses are made because Graphoanalysts know that circumstances often cause personality changes. Controls, too, are developed, which can cause an emotionally responsive person to act with caution. But the writer will recognize his emotional temperature from this "slant test" even though some of his friends may have a different impression of him.

As a rule, writing that registers in the F-A area indicates an individual whose emotional responsiveness is "self-oriented" rather than "outward directed." In school we were taught to write with a slight forward angle. The later development of a left slant usually results from a feeling of self-interest, while an extreme right slant is natural to one who is highly responsive to emotional stimuli.

You can get an even better picture of your "emotional thermometer" by figuring out the percentage of the total 50 strokes for each area, and dividing the bar graph accordingly. You can color or "shade" each section, too, if you want. Use the lightest shading or colors for F-A, and darker shading for the more emotional areas. (See illustration 4).

A surprising fact uncovered in a recent research project of the International Graphoanalysis Society showed that the *men were more responsive emotionally than the women.* Both the men and the women, however, showed far more "emotionality" than had been suspected. The handwriting of 500 men and 500 women picked at random was studied. The writing of more than 51% of this group fell mainly in areas which are comparable to our C-D and D-plus thermometer divisions.

V. Peter Ferrara, president of the Society, points out that other, more complex psychological tests show similar personality or emotional trends among our adult population. "In fact," he says, "advertising writers apparently have discovered that the average person is quite



emotional and that's why so much advertising copy is aimed to appeal to our emotions rather than to reason." The same susceptibility to emotional appeals is the reason marketing experts put so much stress on impulse buying, and why such merchandising (aimed at emotions) has been so successful.

Strangely enough, the teen-agers whose writing was included in the slant research study proved to be much more objective than the adults. Their writing generally was more vertical. The writing experts say that's quite natural, though. As they gain experience in life, these young people are likely to become more emotionally responsive and the slant in their handwriting will reflect this change.

If you were to apply this "slant test" to the writing of that cool-looking poker-face that you see on the commuter train every morning, you might find that he is actually very emotional and not nearly as unapproachable as he seems to be. He might have learned to curb his naturally responsive nature and assumed a mask of indifference.

Of course there's a great deal more to scientific handwriting analysis than determining "emotionality." The basic guidelines given here are carefully evaluated along with other personality factors that show up in a person's writing before a Certified Graphoanalyst presents a personality report based on handwriting. However, these same Graphoanalysts who have succeeded in identifying the many characteristics evident in handwriting consider the emotions a very strong influence on other aspects of personality. For this reason, a complete personality report begins with a "slant" test (like the one given here) to establish the writer's basic emotional temperature.

It's true also, say the Graphoanalysts, that on some days your writing may indicate you are more emotional than usual. If you're got an important decision to make, a knowledge of how objective or how emotional you are that day might come in handy. Or if you want to ask the boss for a raise, or your wife for a special favor, wouldn't it be nice to know whether you should appeal to "reason" or to "emotion"? If you have access to his or her handwriting that day, you can take your cue from the emotional temperature reading.

Any questions regarding application of the "slant test" to an individual's handwriting can be referred to the Public Information Department, International Graphoanalysis Society, 325 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill. 60606. ◆

# ATTENTION, PORNOGRAPHERS!

By Cliff Mackay

According to Shelly Berman, well-known comic, our freedom of speech grows more expensive daily. Berman is right. There are a great many words being used by the best people that Boards Of Censorship will soon classify as pornographic.

As Berman points out, Lake Superior is a Clean; Lake Titicaca is a Dirty.

Before the Blue Noses pull the rug out from under us, we want to forewarn all concerned about the following Nasties.

Debutant is a Clean; Sextant is a Dirty.

Separation is a Clean; Cleavage is a Dirty.

Brassiere is a Clean; Booby Hatch is a Dirty.

Dissolve is a Clean; Adulteration is a Dirty.

Jelly Roll is a Clean; Tart is a Dirty.

Cufflink is a Clean; Stud is a Dirty.

Sword is a Clean; Rapier is a Dirty.

Iroquois is a Clean; Chippewa is a Dirty.

It goes without saying that Shelves is a Clean.

But more often than not Drawers will be —you guessed it—Droopy.

## COOL CATS PLAY

*continued from page 43*

absorbed every morsel of the Old Man's cinematic know-how, using it to broaden his own authority and personal power within the Studio's hierarchy until, this year, they had finally made him a full Producer. Along the way he'd literally digested J.L. Curtis — his mind, his soul, his prestige, and soon his most prized possession, his wife.

The man refolded his handkerchief and stuck it back into his lapel pocket, his hand brushed away a bit of lint; he was from the old school, believing one should always look immaculate when visiting the bedside of a dying friend. He ascended the stairs slowly, stiffly, as if in his head he was already marching to a funeral dirge.

The bedroom was so dark it took him a minute to locate the Old Man. He was slumped in a chair at the far end of the room, his eyes closed, his skin the color of dead grass; all that seemed to be missing was a coffin. The man moved closer; in the dim light his foot hit against an empty bottle and sent it sprawling. Damn those heavy drapes, not only did they cut off visibility, but the room had the dank, putrid odor of a garbage dump. How could anyone live in such a pigsty, let alone die in one?

The noise had alerted the older man and he turned to look at his visitor. His eyes were the only living things left in him; they probed through the darkness and gripped the new arrival like lighthouse beacons.

"Hello, J.L. How's it going?"

"What took so long? You rang the doorbell ten minutes ago."

"Had to call the studio and check what time they're showing yesterday's rushes."

"How's it look?"

"The film? Great. Couldn't be better."

The older man coughed deeply and reached for a vodka bottle on the table next to him. He tilted it over a glass until it was perpendicular; what came trickling out couldn't have filled an eye-cup. Knocking the bottle to the floor in disgust, he gestured toward a corner bureau.

"Second drawer from top. Another bottle. Get it."

"Why not taper off a bit, J.L." said his visitor solicitously.

"Get it for me!"

His visitor shrugged helplessly. "You're the boss." He found the bottle, uncorked it and was bringing it back when he noticed the label.

"It's Bourbon."

"So what? Pour."

He poured, filling the glass almost to the top. He watched a pale, trembling hand reach out and lift the drink to paler, more trembling lips; it disappeared in a single swallow. The older man coughed again, wiped his mouth, then smiled like a condemned prisoner who's just been granted a temporary stay of execution.

"Thanks," said J.L. Curtis.

"The picture's coming along fabulously. We're six days ahead of schedule and finished with all our outdoor shooting. From here on in we'll be closeted in Stage 4 at the Gower Street Studio. Maybe you'll even drop over and see us. How about it?" asked the young man. He snapped his fingers, waited for a reaction.

"They think I'm crazy, don't they?"

"What?"

"You heard me. Helen, the doctors, they think I've lost my mind. What have they told you?"

"Nothing. Honest, J.L., I just got back this morning."

"They also think I'm going to die."

"Nonsense. That's no way to talk."

"Well, they're wrong. I'll outlive them all."

"Sure you will."

"You see, I love Helen. I love her very much."

"Sure you do."

"She needs me. I mean what would she do without me?"

"I don't know, J.L. It's frightening to even think about."

"That's why I can't die, why I won't die. And now that I've got the weapon I can protect her for the rest of her life."

His visitor grinned sheepishly The room was suddenly unbearable in its humidity.

"What weapon, J.L.?" he asked casually.

"My secret weapon," replied the older man, indicating he wished a refill. He was obliged without hesitation. This time when he reached and lifted the glass his manner was less hungry, more cherishing. He turned the amber-colored liquor around in his hand gracefully, his eyes tender and trusting in their appraisal. "This," he said at last, "this is the weapon I'll beat them with."

"But that stuff's ruined your whole life. It's your worst enemy; you've told me that a hundred times."

The older man continued to stare at his glass as if mesmerized by the contents. "Now it's my friend. You see, we signed an armistice. I gave up fighting it, surrendered completely, and now it's allowing me certain fringe benefits." He laughed and sipped at his drink leisurely.

His visitor didn't appreciate his sense of humor. His glare was rather stern and odious. In fact, he was beginning to wish he'd never bothered to come. For some reason the visit wasn't turning out as satisfactorily as he had expected. Instead of gazing at a mournful, dying wreck of a man over whom he could recite reverent eulogies, he was listening to someone with amazingly

clear eyes speak of weapons, protection and secret revenge. Well, he was in no mood to pamper the illness.

"Since when are the D.T.s considered beneficial?" he asked, his tone suddenly hard, direct.

"Ah, then you have spoken to Helen."

The visitor caught himself. "Yes, on the way up. She mentioned hearing you scream several times. She was terrified."

"The poor darling. She's safe though. I always lock the door when I know they're coming. Anyway, I'd never let them hurt her."

"Now, what are you talking about?"

"The animals. The animals who come visiting here." The older man paused to sip his drink again. He looked like he had all the time in the world. "They're different from the variety that used to come."

"Are they now?"

"Much bigger."

"Oh."

"And there's one other difference; these are real."

"Did you say real?"

"As you or I. I swear it. Flesh and blood creatures, everyone. They come whenever I ask them to, in whatever color I want. The first couple of times I even scared myself. That's why I screamed. Now I know better."

His visitor checked a wild impulse to laugh by lighting another cigarette. He leaned against a wall and blew smoke at the ceiling. Helen was right, he was obviously off his rocker all the way this time. The gallons and gallons of whiskey he had consumed in his lifetime had finally saturated his brain cells. It was only a matter of days, maybe even hours.

"Tell me about them," said the man, the heir apparent, knowing he could now afford to be magnanimous. "Are there any here now?"

"Of course not," snapped the other. "I told you they only come when I want, only when I'm alone. Lions, tigers, every breed you ever heard of, sometimes even birds. They walk back and forth in front of me like this was the most natural place to be. Some even let me pet them."

"Aren't you afraid?"

"Not anymore. They don't come to hurt me, just to visit and protect me."

"From who?"

"I don't know. That's their secret. Maybe I have enemies they know about and I don't."

The visitor chuckled, patted his shoulder affectionately. "J.L., you



still have the greatest imagination I've ever come across. Nobody in this town can hold a candle to you. I bet you're as sharp today as you were forty years ago."

"You don't believe me, do you?"

His visitor squirmed, grinned, reached over and tried to replenish his now half-empty glass. He was stopped by the older man's arm.

"Do you?"

"Now let's not get all worked up, J.L."

"I thought you'd be the only one who would," said the older man, pulling away disappointedly. "You, who've worked to close to me these last years. Have you ever known me to lie? If you won't believe me than there's no one who will."

"You're putting words into my mouth, J.L."

"My mind's still alive, still more original than three-quarters of the punks running the studios out here. I'll be back. You wait and see, I'll show them all."

"I never doubted it for a second, J.L.," consoled his visitor pouring him another full shot. He stood by with a perennial look of friendship and understanding on his face as his new contribution was finished off with painful alacrity. The coughing siege that followed lasted over two minutes and left the older man drained and gasping. When he spoke again his voice was a lead weight.

"Maybe I am crazy, imagining lions and tigers in this room. How do they get here? Where do they go? Lately everything's so blurred, so hazy all the time. The real, the unreal, it all seems to blend together."

"You're got to pull yourself together, J.L."

"It's Helen I worry about. She's so beautiful and innocent. I couldn't bear to see her fall in to the wrong hands." His eyes were drooping and he was beginning to slur his words.

His visitor stabbed out his cigarette and yawned. He was bored and saturated with perspiration. He yawned again and checked his watch. Another ten minutes and he'd be finished with the fool.

"What was that, J.L.?"

"Helen . . . promise you'll keep an eye on her . . . Town's filled with leechers, parasites . . . Mustn't let one of them get to her behind my back. . . ."

"It's the least I can do," said the visitor solemnly. He had crossed to a window, and holding aside one of the heavy curtains, was looking down at the object of their conversation. The woman had changed to a white bikini and was sitting at the poolside languidly rubbing suntan lotion over her long, splendid body.

"The very least."

The older man polished off the final remnants of his drink and looked up gratefully. "I knew I could depend on you."

The conversation dragged on another seven minutes before the visitor called a halt. Their talk had drifted to film-making and the good old days when J. L. Curtis still reigned as mogul superior. It became obvious the more he talked the less he drank, therefore, it followed that the more isolated he was the faster his mind would dissolve in its alcoholic juices.

Even now he was having trouble holding his empty glass. His eyes blinked continually and his voice cracked incoherently. It was time to pull away, to let the old goat join the rest of his animal kingdom.

"J.L., I'm going now."

"What? . . . Oh. Thank you . . . for visiting."

"Anything for a friend," said his visitor, pouring out another full glass of Bourbon. He recapped the bottle and set it down close to the other's quivering hand. At the door he stopped.

"By the way, J.L., I have an hour before I report to the Studio, mind if I take a swim?

He waited for a response, but the older man was too busy gripping his new drink with both hands to even know that he was still in the room.

It took him exactly four minutes to reach the guest locker-room, find a pair of swim trunks and get to a secluded area of the pool where the woman lay soft and glowing on a beach-chair. He lifted the chair and carried it deeper into the shadows.

"Honey, I'm all greasy."

"Who cares?"

"How did it go?"

"Ugh. What a mess."

"What did he talk about?"

"You. He was worried you might fall into bad company."

"And did you reassure him that I wouldn't?"

"What else are friendships for?"

They laughed and flirted with their eyes; they knew they had it made. The man traced his finger up the woman's face, where it became a hand, then a caress. The woman moved from it hesitantly.

"We'd better stop."

"When I left he was practically passed out."

"I don't trust him," said the woman rising. "Have a swim. I'll fix us a drink."

The man held on to her arm. "Not until you tell me I can see you tonight."

"Tonight?"

"My place. Eight - thirty. The champagne will be iced and I'll order dinner from Chasen's."

"Oh, Darling."

"Say yes."

"You know I'm putty in your hands."

"Say it."

"Yes, yes, a thousand times. When you're around I don't know any other word. Only what will I tell him?"

"You'll think of something. Anyway, he won't be lonely. Give him his usual bottle and he can have all his animal pals over in no time."

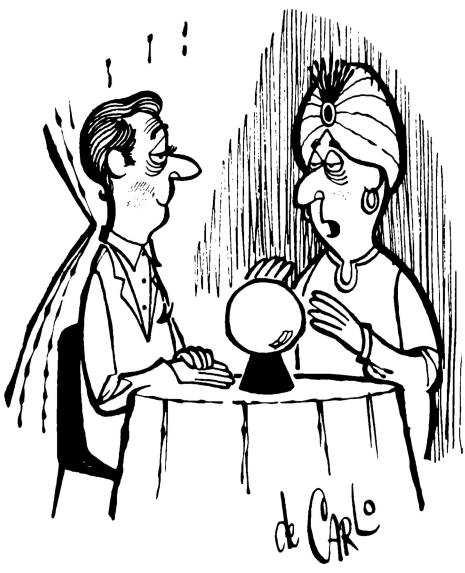
"Did he mention them too?"

"All the details, even to the way they come and lick his hand."

"In their six delicious flavors?"

"With stereophonic sound yet."

They laughed, trying to keep their voices from rising. It was difficult. Their mood was too jubilant, their future so certain they could afford to be daring. They kissed, but halfway into it the woman stiffened and




*"You will meet a tall, dark, handsome man."*

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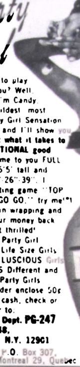
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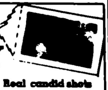
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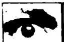
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withdrew.

"He may be listening."

"I tell you he's too busy couting his animals."

The woman smiled. "I think one escaped."

"Which one?"

"A wolf." She moved off to prepare their drinks. The man watched her. She was easy to take, all right, in more ways than one. He wiped his mouth, flexed his arms a few moments and walked back into the sunlight. He crossed to the deep end of the pool; the water looked cool, tropical, invitingly blue; he hadn't realized how broiling the day had become.

He plunged in, letting the water rush up and fold over him; it had never seemed so refreshing or clear. He stayed submerged as long as he could, thinking only quiet, luxurious thoughts. When he broke surface he felt revitalized to his fingertips; clouds floated overhead, palm trees swayed, somewhere a radio was playing. Inside the house he could see Helen fixing their drinks in long, frosted glasses. How pretty she looked, how easily she obeyed him. Her reward would come tonight.

He started swimming toward her, unrushed, lazily. He was glad she was still attractive, it would help him over the first year of marriage; afterwards, when he was comfortably in charge of the J.L. Curtis fortune, well — Hollywood was famous for the batch of eager, delectable young girls that arrived year after year hoping to be discovered, and he could never be considered a one woman man.

He turned, floated on his back, a picture of serenity. High above him a bird glided in a continuous circle. The sight made him think of J.L. Curtis, alone in that dark, evil-smelling room, more dead than alive, dreaming of forgotten successes and whiskey-colored animals that guarded him from enemies. Who'd have suspected he'd come to such a miserable ending with nothing around him but empty bottles and a menagerie of pall-bearing lions, tigers and . . .

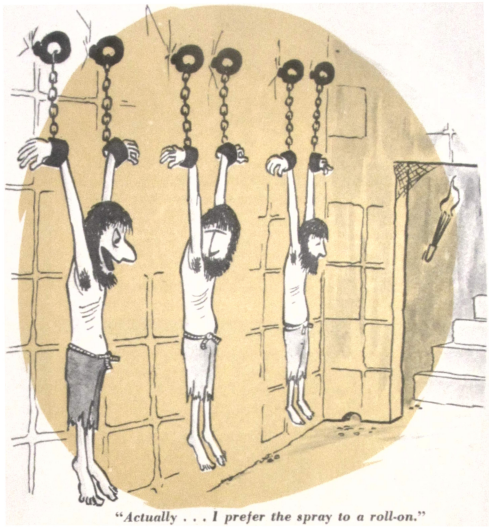
He heard a loud splash behind him and turned. For a moment he saw nothing but sunlight dancing on blue water, then a small, fin-like object broke the surface and came darting toward him. At first he thought it was a child's sailboat, but then he saw it was something larger, something speckled, something alive.

He started swimming, but he was in the middle of the pool and the ladder seemed miles away. He caught a glimpse of Helen still preparing the drinks inside the house. He swam faster, heading in her direction, his arms lashing the water like pistons, his legs kicking furiously, but when he looked again the fin was almost up to him.

He tried to remember his name and that he was an up-and-coming film producer and that he was swimming in a private, electrically-heated pool belonging to J.L. Curtis of Beverly Hills, California, who had less than a week to live and who loved him like a son; he tried to remember all these things, but then the fin beside him dove and he felt something hard and cutting brush against his stomach.

He raised his head to scream, but never made it. The last thing he saw, before the green and purple shark jaws pulled him under, was the figure of J. L. Curtis peering out the side of his second floor window; the Old Man had a thin, apologetic smile across his face, and in his hand he held a half-empty whiskey glass as if in the process of toasting someone's good health and fortune.

Then the jaws around him snapped shut and he disappeared beneath the water, his body like his visit, unexpectedly cut short. ◆



*"Actually . . . I prefer the spray to a roll-on."*

*Premier Presentation*

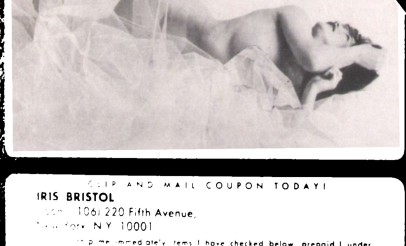
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**2. PEEK-A-BOUDOIR.** The camera takes you behind the locked doors of Iris' boudoir as this breathtaking beauty spends an evening at home. But Iris is restless and as she wishes and dreams waiting for her boyfriend, all of her pink and lovely curves come to life before your very eyes.

**3. FOR BACHELORS ONLY.** Iris, being a true nature lover and sun worshipper, thought she was alone in the great outdoors but while she was doing what comes naturally, naturally, a hidden camera recorded all of her bizarre, erotic loveliness in motion. Guaranteed to make your temperature rise and your blood boil!

**4. AQUA AMOUR.** What do Hollywood starlets do when they cavort on the rims of their palatial pools? At one of these informal parties Iris shows how a scintillating starlet makes a sexy impression on a producer by tossing him all of her seductive curves.

**5. UNDRESSED REHEARSAL.** A beautiful sight is Iris as she awaits the arrival of a late date. When you see this fetching filly come to life in this film with every line of her lovely body pulsating in breathless rendition you're going to wonder why anyone so bewitching would wait so long for any so and so.

**6. DANCE FOR BACHELORS ONLY.** Iris and her room mate reveal every delicious curve and contour of their lovely bodies. Full figure views and delightful closeups of these two gyrating lolls in a dance sequence created for the broadminded and sophisticated male.

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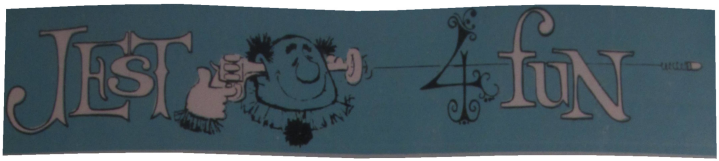
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It's not true that men don't make passes at gals who wear glasses — it's the frames that count.

*

Sometimes it's easy to get acquainted with the lay of the land while riding in a secluded area at night.

*

A woman bought a new wig and thought it would be a good joke to surprise her husband at his office. She walked in on him and asked, "Do you think you could find a place in your life for a woman like me?"

"Not a chance, baby," he snapped. "You remind me too much of my wife."

*

"Go right ahead, you two," smiled the game warden. "As long as you ain't fishin', you needn't mind me."

*

The modern version of the old woman who lived in a shoe is the lass who lives off a couple of heels.

*

For too many young bucks the key to success is the one that fits the ignition.

*

She: Yes, I admit it. I am looking for a husband.

He: I thought you had one.

She: Yes, and I spend all my time looking for him.

*

And then there was the maiden from Newport News who kissed so many sailors her lips moved in and out with the tide.

*

Where does the auto industry find all those empty roads for their TV commercials?

*

A little old lady being checked in at an airline counter asked the agent, "How long a hangover will I have in Paris?"

*

A definition of a quickie is — "no sooner spread than done."

*

A man-about-the-house usually keeps his fingers on things at home.

The noted explorer was describing his adventures in faraway, exotic Pango-Pengo.

"The women there have their bosoms in back instead of in front," he told his listeners.

"They must be pretty weird-looking creatures," ventured one of his audience.

"They're not much to look at," admitted the explorer, "but they're a lot of fun to dance with."

*

Most fellows are happy when their girls get a lot out of a dress and leave it out.

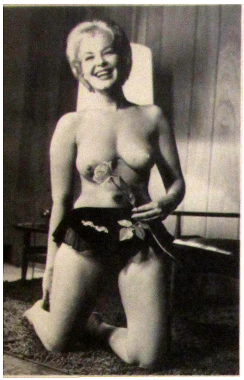



*"You may have a point at that . . . it is a form of recreation."*



# SUNNY





Sunra, the golden goddess of the sun. How's that for a moniker? Well, that's what our blonde beauty is called in a dance extravaganza at one of Las Vegas' biggest night clubs. Actually, it's not so far from her nickname; she has been called Sunny since she first smiled which was right after she was born, according to her proud family. And Sunny she has been — in disposition, in warmth, in golden charm. She has been voted the prettiest and most popular girl in every school she's ever gone to.

With her looks and magnificent figure, it was only natural that she'd go into the entertainment world. Like so many others, her goal is Hollywood but pending that she is working as a dancer in night clubs. As we said earlier, she's now appearing at one of the large and lavish Las Vegas clubs. But she admits she has danced in some small clubs that looked like well-upholstered sewers. One of them was so tiny, people had to









go outside to change their minds. The so-called dance floor was postage-size and the costume Sunny wore wasn't much bigger than a stamp. This caused a bit of trouble one night — a half-stoned philatelist in the audience tried to take her home for his collection. But the bouncer soon convinced him it was against the law to tamper with the mail.

The drunk apologized. He explained he had just come back from the men's room where he had washed his hands and couldn't do a thing with them.

Actually, you can't really blame the guy. One look at Sunny and she remains stamped in your memory.

*continued from page 18*

matic and humorous scenes between the girls and their would-be Continental swains.

Many Americans colleges, from fancy finishing schools like New York's Finch, to the progressive small colleges such as Oberin in Ohio, to the big state universities, have student tours and summer sessions in Europe which loose lovely hordes of U. S. coeds on the Continent for several months at a time.

The glorification of *Romance* with a capital R all over Europe, which almost all the girls mentioned, not only melts inhibitions; it dissolves all their customary guilt feelings.

A young blonde from Dallas summed it up candidly for us.

"Not only does it seem like the thing to do — having little romances, that is — but it seems like it would be a sin not to. Everything's so beautiful and all. Why, here at home you feel kind of guilty if you say 'yes,' but there, floating down the Grand Canal in Venice at night, or looking out over the rooftops of Paris, you'd feel guilty if you said 'no'."

Then was it the gondola or the man who made her say "yes?" Would she have said "yes" to just any man who happened to be in the gondola at the right moment?

"Well, really," she said, with a trace of pique. "Just *any man* wouldn't have been in my gondola in the first place. Besides, an American boy would not have known how to handle it properly. But most all Italian men, thank God, know what to do in a gondola." Then she laughed and added, "Frankly, sometimes the *right moment* is as important as the man."

Although they balk at putting it baldly into those words, for the girls the irresistable appeal is often simply that the *moment* is so *right*. Aware of the lenient Continental customs and enthralled by the romance of the spots they are visiting, they are determined not to "waste" a night at Capri or Cannes without the "amour" the moment calls for. They must have a courtly Continental companion for a trip to Majorca or Lake Como, and they are dead set on finding such a companion from whatever stock is available.

He may not be another Yves Montand, and he may resemble Mortimer Snerd more than he does Louis Jourdan, but as long as he's not an American and is a man, he'll do. He may be homely or stupid, may have bad breath or ask her for the money to buy her a beer, but if he wears a beret or lederhausen, and speaks with an authentic accent, he's in.

That pretty well sums up the whole picture of the amazing transformation that turns sweet young things from saints at home into sirens abroad. It's a remarkable turnabout, but they seem to take to it like ducks do to water, and travel is supposed to be broadening, so who's to knock it? European males are delighted, and European women have no kicks as long as the girls leave the traveling American males alone. For the degree of international attraction between European girls and American men is a notably amicable one.




***"Perhaps you could suggest something."***



The European woman shares her American sister's taste for something new. And it's all good for international amity.

The only kicks are from the few American males who, just for a change, might like to romance an American girl overseas, but the ingenious have found a solution there too. Our fellows need only learn one foreign language with a good native accent, purchase a new suit on the Via Veneto or in some other continental bazaar, and indulge in a little romantic make-believe.

It can succeed. One girl, a pretty art student from Richmond, Virginia, was ecstatic over her romance with a struggling Parisian painter. He was a splendid companion, a sensitive lover and a dedicated artist. He knew all the right little spots on the Left Bank, and had the smallest, dirtiest, oldest garret in which two very young lovers ever whispered together till dawn. To her, theirs was the greatest affair of all times. That is, it was until she started bidding him a tragic farewell on her last day in France. Then it happened. Another American student rushed up and greeted her Parisian lover with a reference to their high school days together in Brooklyn before he won his art scholarship.

Our Virginia beauty was devastated. Even after she had been back here for months she got upset thinking about it.

"It ruined my whole trip," she pouted. "I was there for three months and then I found out when it was too late. I wasn't even made love to by a real Frenchman once." ◆

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#376 #378



#377



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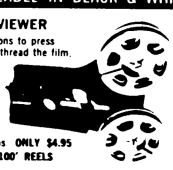
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*continued from page 23*

A fact as important as this should be determined at the earliest possible moment. Each year, thousands of eager bridegrooms discover this too late. All set for a honeymooning night of passionate lovemaking, they find their mate in the bedroom with the window thrown wide open and gusts of chilling air sweeping into the room. As everyone knows, it is well-nigh impossible to feel sexy when you are cold. And even though your fingers are blue with cold and goose pimples riddle your skin like an attack of the pox, she can't possibly have it any other way.

Or else she turns out to disdain any fresh air at all. The slightest draft, she feels, will give her pneumonia. When you walk into the bedroom, the temperature is 102 degrees. The air in the hotel room seems to be the same air that George Washington breathed when he slept there and you are ready to pass out. But she won't let you open the window.

The window is probably the leading cause of incompatibility today but marriage manuals never say a word about it. In addition to a blood test, all states should administer a window test. Subjects would be asked to lie on a bed as the ndow is raised or lowered as they prefer. An open-window sleeper would not be allowed to mate with a closed-window sleeper. At a single stroke, this simple test reduce the divorce rate by 50 per cent.




***"Not tonight, Charlie . . . I gave at the office."***

And here's another thing you are never told in the marriage manuals. *Check the dental condition of the prospective wife.* Notice I said *dental*, not mental. It has long since been proven impossible to determine the mental condition of women. No one really knows how—or if—they think. That is something you simply have to take your chances on.

But inspecting your sweetie's bridgework is something else.

The thought of peering into the mouth of your fiancee for this purpose may sound a bit crass and undignified, but at this moment there are thousands of newly-married men who ruefully wish they had. Remember, don't look a gift horse in the mouth. But with the prospective wife it's a must. That way, two months after your honeymoon, you won't hear that your wife has gone out and spent $1513 to have her teeth straightened, capped, polished and completely overhauled. And believe me, this is one of the most common shocks that the newly-married man receives — that sweet girl who loved him so and whom he adored had rotten teeth all along.

Almost any dentist will tell you this is true. If he finds a nice female mouth into which a piece of bridgework would fit over-so-nicely, chances are she will say: "I'm getting married in a few weeks. I think I'll wait until after the wedding to have my teeth fixed." And the dentist smiles knowingly, then mentally calculates a bill which will cause the new husband to swoon.

Still another thing to remember . . . make certain your prospective mate or mistress does not read women's magazines (such as *McCalls, Ladies' Home Journal, Cosmopolitan,* and so on). The mate-

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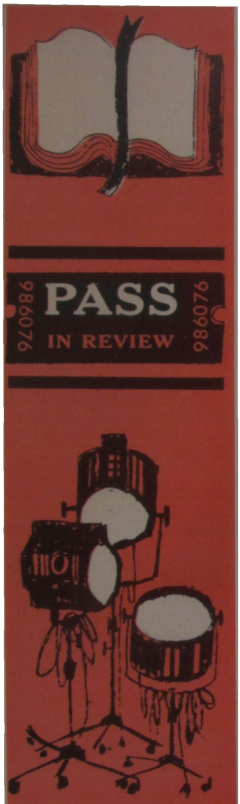

rial in these magazines is virtually guaranteed to endanger any happy marital relationship.

After she reads "Is Your Marriage On the Rocks? — Take This Test," she'll decide her marriage really isn't happy. The typical article about "The Other Woman" will convince her that you're hidding a mistress. And to top it off, after 'a leading doctor' tells her "What's Wrong With Husband's Love Play," she'll be certain that you are sexually inadequate and that something is wrong with your sex life together. You'd better believe it.

Far be it from me to accuse such magazines of chicanery, but most of the material they do run is subtly calculated to instill doubt and fear. Doubt about the happiness of your marriage. Fear that one or both of you are sexually inadequate. Ban all such material from the home. Instead, let your wife get hooked on LSD or drift into alcoholism. At least there are cures for that. But there is no remedy for the woman who reads articles in women's magazines.

Most of the marriage manuals are fine as far as they go — and the farther they go the better! But, you have to remember that they very often omit things which are truly essential to a happy sexual relationship. A final point to remember is that one need not be married to enjoy any or all of the sexual goodies described in the marriage manuals. All you have to do, generally, is *pretend* that you believe in marriage. All women have a mania, a built-in fixation about marriage. To remain single is regarded by women as the supreme act of treason. Men who use women without marrying them are called traitors, dastards, and many other more colorful names.

But, so what? After all, sticks and stones may break your bones, but names will never hurt you. It's those breach of promise suits you have to worry about. ◆




## RECORDS

*Songs My Father Taught Me* (Capitol) isn't the ho-hum material you'd expect from the album title. Joe Grey, the onetime child prodigy who has come into his own with an award-winning role in the Broadway musical "Cabaret," does a bang-up job with a program of songs learned from his father, bandleader Mickey Katz. The material is ethnic, mostly in Yiddish, and delivered with great verve and feeling.

Bobby Lewis, essentially a country singer, appeals to the pop set as well, especially in his latest release *How Long Has It Been* (United Artists). Lewis' direct, unaffected style is shown to best advantage in "You Remind Me of Myself" and "Easy To Say, Hard to Do," two numbers from a varied set.

Second best to seeing Leslie Uggams in her hit Broadway musical "Hallelujah, Baby" is listening to the original cast album on Columbia. The lovely new star really shines in "My Own Morning," "Being Good," and other numbers, and she has fine support.

Because Weber's *Der Freischutz* is a superb opera seldom performed in this country, Deutsche Grammophon's excellent full-length recording is doubly welcome. Under the expert musical direction of Eugen Jochum and with a cast headed by such outstanding singers as Kurt Bohme, Rita Streich and Irmgard Seefried, *Der Freischutz* will delight all opera enthusiasts.

Although *The Last of the Red Hot Mamas* has been released as part of the Columbia Archive Series, this Sophie Tucker LP, made up of her biggest hits, shouldn't be considered just memorabilia. It's the living proof that she had that certain undescribable something that made her not just a star but a super star. Very few people in show business have or had that distinction.

The success of Charles Aznavour in the United States has resulted in an influx of French singers, but the only one worthy of being mentioned in the same breath is Jacques Brel. If you haven't already heard him, you have a treat in store for you when you play the LP *Jacques Brel — Encore* (Reprise). Singing a dozen of his own compositions, Brel's unique dramatic style will make you feel the mood of each song whether or not you understand one word of French.

From Fontana comes the soundtrack of the recent flick, *To Sir With Love*. The disc is highlighted by vocals by the seventeen-year-old Rock and Roller, Lulu and by the popular rock group, The Mindbenders. Also included are several top instrumentals such as "Thackeray and Denham Box in Gym."

*Brasilian Impressions* (Command) features the creative piano work of Dick Hyman. Hyman's music is a fusion of Latin American rhythms, modern pop and jazz. Brilliant piano work is enhanced by accompaniment on woodwinds and flugelhorn

*Songs of My People* (Roulette) offers an enchanting program of Yiddish and Hebrew folk songs performed by the Israeli star, Tova Ronni. Songs range from the moving "Baronovitsch" to the frenzied Hasidic dance, "Hasidmledh Tantsn," all handled skillfully by Miss Ronni.

The Spencer Davis Group, owing to the fine vocals and piano of Stevie Winwood, have produced some of the most exciting R'n'B to date. *I'm A Man* (United Artists), while not up to their first album on the same label, offers several good tracks, including the driving title song.

An attempt to label the music of *The Incredible String Band* (Elektra) as country, folk, blues or anything else would be futile. These three young men from Scotland accompany themselves on an assortment of instruments, including guitar, mandolin, fiddle, banjo, whistle and kazoo. In addition to being fine vocalists and instrumentalists, the trio has written most of the songs they perform.

Songstress Ella Fitzgerald asserts her place as one of the finest pop artists performing today as she lends her talent to the work of composer Harold Arlen. *Ella Fitzgerald sings the Harold Arlen Songbook* (Verve) shows Ella in top form as she tackles such standards as "It's Only a Paper Moon" and "That Old Black Magic."

Geno Washington and the Ram Jam Band explode through thirteen numbers on *Live!* (Kapp). The Ram Jam Band, seven in all, are exciting instrumentalists on lead and bass guitars, organ, tenor and baritone saxes and drums. Washington's powerful vocals are best on "Respect" and "Land of A Thousand Dances."

Buffy Sainte-Marie's *Fire, Fleet and Candlelight* (Vanguard) shows her to be expanding her range of material. Her rendition of Joni Mitchell's *Circle Game* is a highlight of the album. On *Dogget's Cap*, Miss Sainte-Marie's vocal and mouth-bow is backed up by tasteful and exciting guitar work by Bruce Langhorne. Equally at home with traditional and contemporary material, Miss Sainte-Marie also performs some fine songs of her own.

The Beatles spent an unprecedented four months agonizing over their latest album, the umpteenth for Capitol, but they are a long way from exhausting their fund of new sounds and styles. All 12 songs on *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band* are new compositions by the Beatle-composers. Many are treated to orchestral handling; others use such diverse instruments as the sitar, tamboura, harp, harmonica, and more. One cut, "A Day in the Life" has been banned on BBC because of references to drug-taking. The title tune plus "Getting Better" and "Lovely Rita" are better anyway.

The soloists aren't well-known, but then neither is the opera. All the same, Prokofiev's *Betrothal in a Monastery* (Ultraphone) as performed by the N. I. Nemirovich-Danchenko Musical Theatre, Moscow, is a comic opera which deserves wider recognition.

After a spell off the top pop charts, Frankie Laine is up there again with the title tune of his album *I'll Take Care of Your Cares* (ABC). It's a lilting, old-styled ballad which Laine puts over very well. There are other catchy numbers, too, notably "Making Memories" and "Maybe."

The Hollies are among the most competent hard rock performers recording today. Their hit single, "Carrie Ann" is included on *Evolution* (Epic), their latest LP. The five North - of - Englanders display their talent on such numbers as "Stop Right There," and "You Need Love."

Comedian Bill Cosby again proves himself to be one of our finest contemporary comedians on his LP *Revenge* (Warner Bros.). As usual Cosby's material is strikingly original, and he's particularly hilarious with his "Smoking" and "Cool Covers."

## BOOKS

A supposedly sophisticated Manhattan lawyer coughs up hush money and art treasures when he is caught in the old badger game by a couple of hippie squatters. The unfortunate square goes off *The Deep End* (Viking), by Joseph Hayes, a first-rate suspense artist.

In a collection of articles and stories titled *Blasts and Benedictions* (St. Martins), the late Sean O'Casey drops more bombshells than compliments on the theater, literature and assorted people and places. And with testy O'Casey wit, the pats on the head are just as devastating. Of himself, he says "O'Casey has a good name in some places and a very bad one in others." This volume, including three stories, provides an entertaining way to find out where O'Casey stands with you.

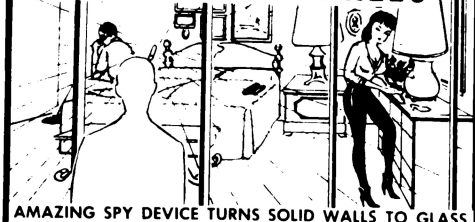
*Clown on Fire* (Dial Press) introduces Americans to English novelist Aaron Judah, one of the best contemporary comic writers. The Clown is an endearing adolescent, Joe Hosea, a Jewish boy in India who *does* want to set the world on fire, and carries a pocketful of matches for that purpose.

Bertolt Brecht, the German whose "Three-Penny Opera" marked him as one of our great modern playwrights, lends his stinging verse to *The Brecht-Eisler Song Book* (Oak Publications). It's a collection of 42 songs with music by Hanns Eisler, English translations and guitar chords. Noteworthy for social comments and singability.

The old horror films which terrified you as a child might be worth a chuckle now. But why the claw-and-fang pictures in the first place? (For one thing, most of them are sexless.) In *An Illustrated History of the Horror Film* (G. P. Putnam's Sons), Carlos Clarens goes at it tooth and nail. Well illustrated with stills from the werewolf epics and the more recent science - fiction thrillers.

Don't say "not that again!" until you're read Robert Shaw's novel *The Man in the Glass Booth* (Harcourt, Brace & World. The title suggests another book on the Eichmann trial. It isn't, although Nazi atrocities are alluded to and the book's only character, Arthur Goldman, proudly owns up to his Nazi past. The point is that you and everyone is the man in the glass booth — a cog in the machine which ground out history's ugliest chapter. And you are guilty as charged, concludes Mr. Shaw. A surprisingly original book on a well-used theme.

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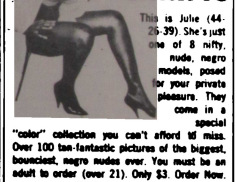
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## OH, LAY! OH, LAY!

*continued from page 28*

"Hah, Toro!"

A half ton of thunder shook the deserted *corrida*.

"Kiss with your horns, *Toro* . . . kiss!"

"Vicente, please . . . by God, please!" Angelica shrieked.

The cape swirled gracefully from around Angelica's waist behind Vicente's thighs. The horns grazed her breasts; a few drops of claret gathered in the scratches.

"See what a clown faces, Angelica?"

"Yes, yes, Vicente . . . Vicente, please . . . I beg . . ."

"Julio! The sword!" Vicente nuzzled Angelica's bare shoulder, mocking the sensuality of a few hours before. "And now the moment of truth, *Querida*. Someone must die — the bull, the man . . . *or the woman*." Vicente gripped the curved sword. "Do not move, do not breathe, Angelica — we go between his horns. We guide the *toro* closer . . . we walk toward him. See how he stares . . . see how he plans. He cries for torn flesh on his horns." Vicente moved toward the bull. "Do you smell the *Toro*, Angelica? It is the smell of death that even a *clown* knows."

The bull stood restlessly.

"See how we move closer, Angelica? See how we poise the sword? The moment of truth, Angelica — we feel his breath. We are almost between his horns. Will he charge before we drive the sword into his neck? Will he be a brave bull and destroy his tormentor? Two feet away, Angelica. Death, agonizing horned death is two feet away. A horn ripping your groin, your stomach, your lungs. Your flesh is softer, but a matador fears for his skin too. So close, Angelica . . . see how close death waits."

The Scarlet Bull stood as some mythological monster, all muscle and devastating sinew; ominous in the dawn light, vapor emanating

from his nostrils in the morning chill.

Angelica screamed.

"Shh . . . a step closer . . . and closer still. See his muscles tense. The *toro* gets ready to charge. Flesh against horn, Angelica; horn against flesh. Will it be a noble killing with shouts of 'Ole!' and an ear awarded — or death of a matador? Only now there are two matadors . . . two. A horn, Angelica; no pain at first . . . the agony comes later. The doctor operating, the priest praying. See how huge the horns look . . . to a clown? To a treacherous whore? Hah, Toro!" He poised the sword gripping it tightly, throwing Angelica's nakedness between the horns.

The sword plunged deep. The Scarlet Bull shuddered, staggered, and fell.

Vicente untied the sash releasing Angelica. He stared at her bruised, scratched flesh. And then he stared down at the dying bull.

"One leaves with nobility," he said indicating the Scarlet Bull, "the other . . . ?" He looked pointedly at Angelica.

Vicente smiled the smile of the weary but triumphant victor, contemptuous of his beaten enemy. "Goodbye, Angelica."

He left the *corrida* to rest and wait for the afternoon bulls. ◆

## CITY BENEATH THE SEA

*continued from page 35*

ground at the far side of the bay.

But Port Royal was gone without a trace. Through the many years that have passed since that awful day, even the exact location of the submerged town was lost. Like Pompeii, it passed into the limbo of legend, all but forgotten.

But, unlike Pompeii, uncovering Port Royal was not a simple matter of digging away powdery lava until the place was laid bare. The stuff that covered this once-busy port was water, unknown fathoms of it. Except for luck, it was a sure bet that Port Royal would stay buried forever.





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### SUNBATHING

NUDISM EXPLAINED! Send 25¢ for unretouched, illustrated brochure of Nudist Motion pictures, slides, magazines and publications. Send to: Box 38100, L. A., Calif. 90038.

I was lucky. I found the remains of the sunken community.

One day, while searching in the Jamaican waters for signs of a long-sunk treasure-laden wreck (I wasn't even thinking about Port Royal, I assure you), I slid over the side of our salvage schooner, in a routine descent. At the bottom of my weighted rope, I stood on the sandy bottom of the seaway. As I straightened to signal that all was clear, I realized that I was in the midst of a spectacular coral formation. The sheer beauty of the place took my breath — and I'm an old campaigner at this sort of thing.

From where I stood, the smooth sea bed sloped gradually off into distant depths beyond my vision. Surrounding me on all sides was a watery fairyland. Branching coral sculpturings of myriad hues seemed alive in the shimmering water, yet they were stony solid to the touch. As I began to move, the colors of the corals about me changed, chameleon-like, so that I walked in a land of liquid-flowing rainbows. The fascination of the place drew me forward, my sense of exploration fully aroused.

Slowly treading the seaway, I was suddenly brought up short by a sight that rocked me to the core. Before me, rising unbelievably from the watery void, was what appeared to be an underwater community — a ghost town under the sea!

I could have sworn that there was a great Gothic cathedral ahead, and beyond it other stately edifices, sloping away into farther shadowy regions. Spires and pinnacles lifted majestically; tall columns supported overhanging roofs; windows stood open in walls and towers. The dim light of the sun, reflected from the surface waters above, sifted down and passed through the openings, gleaming dully through the open spaces between the columns.

I felt as though I had been suddenly thrust on some strange and distant planet; as though I had come to a peaceful town where quiet buildings waited the return of a re-

cently departed populace.

I paused for a while, sitting on a projecting outcrop of coral to consider this phenomenon. Then I left my seat and moved slowly forward again toward the nearest of the structures, the "cathedral-like" formation. The sea floor continued to slope downward and outward toward the open ocean. Carefully, I placed one weighted boot after the other.

The formation was perhaps 40 feet in length and at least half as high. The coral pinnacles that crowned the basic bulk of the structure were about six to eight feet in height. It was obvious that this design was not a natural growth, but something cased over an original structure that had allowed for openings. And through these openings the magical light softly filtered.

Directly in front of me there was a large opening. Carefully guarding my airline from the rough casing of the sides, I entered. Inside was a sort of chamber space with several passages leading off from it. I stood entranced.

At first, I hardly noticed the grotesque formations around the openings and along the walls. All I could perceive was the amazing color — not an ordinary shade, but an incredibly alive blue that seemed to embrace all its various shadings. Wherever I looked my eyes met gradations of blue, ranging from the palest hues to blue-black. The water was blue; the walls were blue; even my bare hands, as I held them before my goggle-eyed helmet, were blue.

I had now stayed down too long. The feeling of pressure was like being pinched between the thumb and forefinger of some huge giant. I jerked my signal line, and soon I was being gently raised up — up out of this long-sunk community of the dead.

By this time, I had come to the realization that I had discovered the remains of the richest and most wicked community on the entire Spanish Main. There could be no




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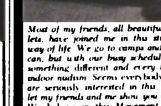
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doubt I had seen what no other living man had gazed upon — the submerged remains of *Port Royal*!

Here was a freshly discovered and unexplored realm — a marvelous world, awesome yet beautiful, touched with mystery. Here was a find of scientific and historical import, and I had come upon it by mere chance.

As I rose slowly to the surface my mind was afire with the possibilities I had uncovered. If I could go to greater depths, if I could follow that sloping sandy floor, what strange sights might I see! Then, too, I might possibly recover some of the vast riches which the sea had claimed when the great deluge of 1692, followed by the earthquake, had driven the "Pirates' Babylon" from the world of living men.

Since that time, I have dreamed of what a man might find on the floor of the Caribbean in outer Kingston's harbor -- if he could devise some means of penetrating into the pressure-packed depths. Some improved diving gear was clearly needed to lessen the constant hazards encountered by a man in regulation diving dress.

The ways and means of this achievement have now been found, a scientific treasure salvage expedition is now being planned on a huge scale. A revolutionary new tractor-tank diving robot is under construction — and plans have been laid for an extensive salvage operation which will also explore and film these waters.

Soon I shall return to the Caribbean, to — Port Royal. While on this expedition, I shall prod into the town's secrets, disturb the giant eels and other denizens which alone inhabit it, and seek to wrest away some of the vast riches which were sent to the bottom on that ill-fated night in 1692.

I'm not greedy, however, if I fail to unearth any of the long-sunk treasure, merely re-visiting the fabled community beneath the sea will be reward enough. That is real-why I'm going. ◆



# ADVICE TO THE LOVEWORN

BY DON WAN

Dear Don Wan:

I need help. I'm short; about 5-2 and my feet barely reach the ground. To make matters worse I drive an old Packard and my friends call me, "their short Packard friend." How can I stop them?

Pete Peters

*Dear Troubled:*

*You have to stand up for your dignity. Insist that they call you by your right name—Short Peter.*

Dear Mr. Wan:

Do you approve of dancing cheek-to-cheek in a respectable night club?

Puzzled

*Dear Puzzled:*

*Certainly not. You both should face each other while dancing.*

Dear Mr. Wan:

Seventeen years ago, I met a girl and we got engaged. Then she went off to sea (she's a mate, by trade) and was gone sixteen years. Got back a few months ago. I hardly recognized her. She has two bulls-eyes tatooed on her chest, she smokes a pipe, she has muscles as big as grapefruits and she curses. I still love her though, but wonder about our life together. Can she settle down? Let me know your opinion, please.

Landlubber

*Dear Landlubber:*

*Hold the ship! What makes you think those are bulls-eyes tattoed on her chest?*

Dear Don Wan:

A musician invited me up to his apartment to see his Stradivarius. Did I do wrong?

Worrying Wilma

*Dear Worry Wart:*

*It all depends. Did you see his violin stand or did you burn while he fiddled?*

Dear Mr. Wan:

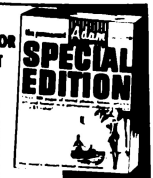
Perhaps you can settle an argument between me and my friend. I say the most wonderful thing in the world is a beautiful girl. He says the most wonderful thing is sleep. Who is right?

J. J. Settler

*Dear J. J.:*

*You're both right. Sleep is the most wonderful thing — next to a beautiful girl.*


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***This offer is expressly made to the mature adult, OVER 21 YEARS OF AGE.***

If you are interested in seeing what we mean by NUDISM as a Way of Life, for Men, Women, Boys and Girls — and you are over 21 years of age please send 25c to cover cost of postage and handling to P.O. Box 38100, Hollywood, California 90038. Our reply will be rushed to you in a plain wrapper. If you know others who are interested in NUDISM and NATURISM — in the beauties of the natural, unhampered and unfettered way of life — please pass this on to them.

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### All Riot, All Riot

Congrats on your blast at all the different kinds of punks who participate in and cause riots (*Jem's All-American Riot Team*). I thought it not only very funny but very fair in attacking the extremists on both the left ad the right and all the other in-between goons.

Ralhp Stack
San Louis, Mo.

*We're non-partisan — we hate them all.*

### Big Hit

You couldn't be more wrong that truck drivers make out better than college men (*Sex-Relief For College Men*) and I ought to know. Before I went to college, I drove a truck for a few months and only scored so-so. But since I've gone to college, man, my batting average is terrific.

Steve Booner
Chicago, Ill.

*Scored? Terrific batting average? What do you do, get the bags loaded?*

### Pardon Our Gloves

We're pitching for a return of female boxing which was prominent during the 1950's. Maybe you could do a few articles about some of the top-rate women prize-fighters like Barbara Buttrick, Phyllis Hughes, Joan Hagen and many others, and stimulate a new intertest in the sport. Some of those gals were as good as most male pros. Personally, we think there should be a "Hall of Fame" for these great female pugilists of the past. We sure would like to hear from some of them.

Bluegrass Boxing Enterprises
Lexington, Ky.

*Can you imagine what would happen to the ego of an average guy who would make a pass at one of those gals? The lights would go out fast!*

### Acid-Tongued Acid-Head

Your middle-class, bourgeois article on LSD trips (*Psychedelia, Here I Come*) turned my stomach. To make fun of psychedelic experiences which are deeply moving and religious proves how square you are.

Art Finch
San Francisco, Calif.

*We bet you're a cube, sugar.*

### Big Mouth

My girl friend enjoys reading *Jem* about as much as I do but she objects to the "Putting Women In Their Place" feature. She says you're unfair by not giving females a chance to rap men. What do you think?

Gus Coker
Cincinnati, Ohio

*Rap her in the mouth—that'll put her in her place.*

# NEW SEX BOOKS

## ☐ Female Auto-Erotic Practices

Out of print for years. By Havelock Ellis, M.D., world's foremost sexologist. New illustrated edition!

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Types of pubic hair arrangements (both male and female); breast development; types of nipples, the areolae; various breast shapes; genital mutilation (male and female); sexual precocity (both boys and girls). $3.00.

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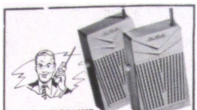
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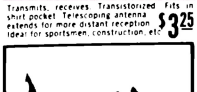
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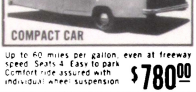
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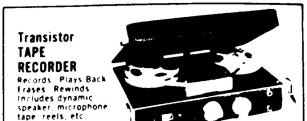
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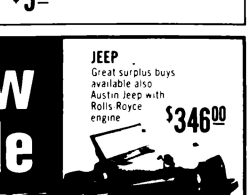
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